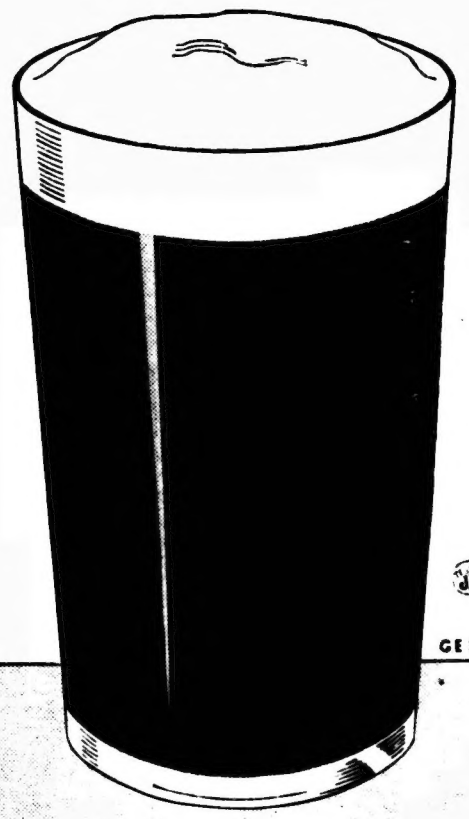
JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 12, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1530.

THE BIG IDEA FOR GENEVA SEE PAGES 24 & 25

JOHN BULL

Guinness
is
GOOD
for you



GE 540.E

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" Readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Presidential" Remarkable REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS, Suitable for Lounge, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., beautifully bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

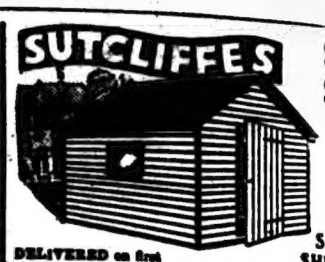
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 31.

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED

from **2/9** MONTHLY Design S.S.



DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Frame, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Send carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0 2/9
7ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	2 12 0 3/-
10ft.	7½ft.	6½ft.	3 18 0 5/-
12ft.	6ft.	7ft.	4 15 0 6/6

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, summer Houses, etc. All Carriage Paid.

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 92, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

PAIN'S BIG RADIO BARGAIN

1/3 A WEEK

Send for 4/- Carr. Paid to Approved Orders. Includes 2/6 Serviceable Moving Coil Speaker, Wave Coil, Purpose Wound Speaker, 2 Best Valves, Clock Dial Tuning, Attractive Walnut-finished Case, size 14½ by 9½ by 8 ins. Complete with all Batteries 7/6. *Worth Double, Delight or Money Back.*

New Catalogue of innumerable other Bargains of every description—Post FREE to all.

PAIN'S Peacock House, Dept. 36.D.W., Hastings.

Put it in a THORNS PORTABLE BUILDING

Whatever your need, Thorns have the building you want! Made entirely with planed timber, too, and trebly strengthened with "Strongex" steel braced corners. The extra quality and finish cost no more and you can bolt together the sections yourself. All Fully Guaranteed, for Cash or on Confidential Terms. Send to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit	10 Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	43/-	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	56/-	3/9	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/-	4/-	5/6
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	73/6	4/6	6/8
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	88/-	4/9	8/-
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	103/-	5/-	9/10

Garages 83/6. Greenhouses 55/-.

Pent Roof Sheds 23/-

Beach Huts, Garden Shelters, Bungalows, etc.

ALL DELIVERED FREE or sent carr. paid in England and Wales

CATALOGUE No 46 FREE.

J. THORN & Sons Ltd., Box 46, Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

Telephone: Bexleyheath 305.

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

IS ALL YOU NEED PAY ME FOR THIS WONDERFUL IMPROVED HOME-MADE LAYETTE. A GUARANTEED BARGAIN.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 70 MAGNIFICENT GARMENTS for Winter or Summer Baby. Silk and Wool Shawl, Rugs, Robes, Lawn or Woven Day Gowns, Flannel, Fleece, or Woven Flannelette Best Wool Vests, Hand-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Hat, Socks, Binders, Transfer-Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc. From Yorkshire Purchaser:—"The layette is gorgeous, far exceeds the price paid. You are at liberty to refer prospective customers to me, or use this letter of appreciation."

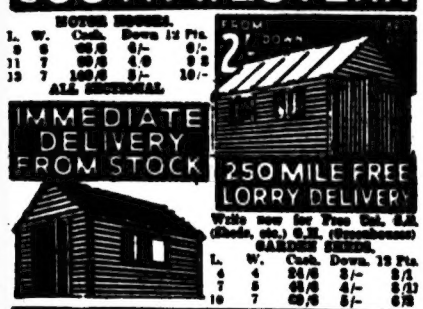
SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. MRS. J. E. HOWARD, 46, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

SOUTH WESTERN

HOUSE BOARDS.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
9	6	69/6	6/-	6/-
11	7	89/6	4/6	8/6
13	7	149/6	8/-	10/-

ALL HOUSEHOLD.



IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for Free Cat. G.H. (Sheds, etc.) G.H. (Greenhouses) GARDEN SHEDS.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
4	4	24/6	2/-	2/6
7	5	44/6	4/-	4/10
10	7	69/6	6/-	6/10

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCES (1928) LTD.

Dept. J., Regent St., Fulham, S.W.6. Put. 1121 (6 lines)

Here's at least £2 for YOU!

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY WHICH MANY THOUSANDS ENJOY. Organise a "Worldwide" 1/- weekly Club and earn from £2 up to £5, £10 and more with a few minutes of your spare time each week. It is the friendliest hobby in the world for any man or woman, and with the "Worldwide" behind you it is an easy and pleasant way of adding pounds to your income. No samples to carry or selling to do, no experience or capital required and you will be associated with one of the finest Mail Order Organisations in the Country, sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.

YOU ALSO BENEFIT YOUR FRIENDS—they buy direct from the Warehouse at Warehouse prices, saving from 5/- to 10/- in the £ and on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly—Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery, and Household Goods of every description.

Post the Coupon to-day for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars—Free and without any obligation.

Associated Warehouses—J. D. Williams & Co. Ltd. of Manchester, Est. 1875

TO:—WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

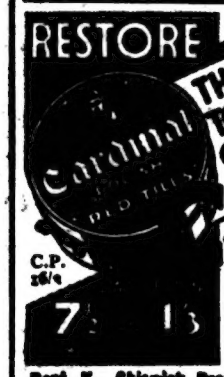
NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 70 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required).

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles St., Manchester, 1.

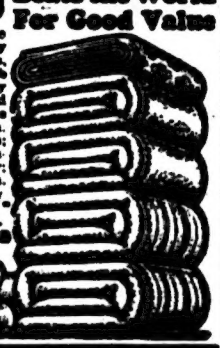
RESTORE THE COLOUR TO RED TILES, RED COMPOSITION FLOORS AND FRONT STEPS with CARDINAL POLISH



'Cardinal' the easy to use economical polish, gives a beautiful rich red tone which will not rub off. Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

Dept. K., Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

GRAVES Fine Quality Sale Beats the World For Good Value



Two Finest Irish pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with Blue borders, whipped ends 66 x 88in; 7½lb pair: Two All White luxury Wincey Blankets with whipped ends, 60x80in, 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4½ pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 72x94in. Complete, Carriage Paid. 3/6 Now, 2/6 Monthly. 42/- Drapery Catalogue Free.

J. R. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

3/6 NOW

AMAZING PRICES!

FREE DELIVERY BY LORRY OR RAIL

LIST POST FREE

HUTS from 8/6 or 2/- down

T. BATH & CO. LTD. 37 Southampton St. Strand London W.C.2

SCOTIA RUG WOOL SCOTIA

IN SKEIN OR **CUTREADY**

BLACK 8d. COLOURS 1/- lb.

Thrums 5½d. Cable from 1/4½d. lb. Chenilles 5½d., Indian 1 11½d., Persian 8/6d. lb. Knitt. 1d., Silky 1½d. oz., Crochet 1½d., Tweeds 1½d., Knop 3½d. oz.

FREE RUG BOOK 200 designs for 1d. postcard.

SCOTIA WOOLS 183, New Bridge Street, NEWCASTLE-on-TYNE.

POWERFUL RADIO at lowest price or easiest terms.

My wonderful range of 1936 Wireless Sets is far in advance of all others, and MUCH LOWER IN PRICE. Ready to switch on, and CARRIAGE PAID. Send a postcard for FREE CATALOGUE

£10 WRITE TODAY NOW

Chas. H. Baker

Stop Stooping!

Walk erect and command attention. Recapture that youthful feeling and look a picture of health! Wear Harrison's Adjustable Shoulder-Brace, most comfortable and undetectable in use. Straightens chest and corrects round shoulders. Made for either sex. Praised by thousands. State chest measurement when ordering.

"H.A.S.-Brace" **2/6** Also in Art Silk at 3/6

J. R. HARRISON

6, Highfield Terrace, Saltaire, Yorks.

PLAY BAGATELLE 7/6

brings immediate delivery of the perfect Riley Bagatelle Table, 6 ft. size complete with accessories. Pay the balance as you play. Cash price £6 10s. Riley Bagatelle Tables are also available in 7 ft. and 8 ft. sizes. 7 days' free trial given, Rileys pay carriage. Write to-day for Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., LANE WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 46, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

32 free Billiard Tables. Write for details.

COVENTRY CYCLES

57/6

LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry, and SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3 Speeds, on approval, carriage paid. Forty years' advertising in this paper, and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free Catalogue now.

Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept. 2, Coventry

£950 WON IN CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 323

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £850 offered:—

G. R. Stent, 9, Borough Road, Queenborough, Kent.
Mrs. E. Woodworth, Harrowby, Grantham, Lincs.
W. F. Storm, 3, Bone Street, Walton, Liverpool.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £283 6s. 8d. and a "Ferranti" All-mains Universal Radio Receiver will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 22, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 37 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 14s. 1d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Surprise Awards were won by 261 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

Turn to page 44 now for full details of the big cash prizes which must be won in this week's "John Bull" X-word.

YOURS for 3d DEPOSIT

2 GNS VALUE FOR 16/-

An opportunity to participate in a special offer. "Aircraft Cadet" shock-proof Watch with Hand-some Chrome plated case, perfectly adjusted Swiss Lever movement, fully tested for accuracy, with milanese bracelet of stainless chrome-plated material. 10 years' warranty. Sent on 3d. deposit and 3d. part post (6d. P.O. in all, no stamps) and 1/6 fortnightly until 17/6 is paid. Cash price 16/-. Ladies' dainty model, same price and terms. Also Superior Model Watch, unbreakable glass, cannot be overwound. 22/6, same terms. AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. C.S.4.3), 86, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1)

£11 VALUE for 15/9

YOURS for 3d

WORLD'S HANDSOMEST WATCH BARGAIN

An artistic piece of intricate master craftsmanship. **REAL GOLD PLATED** with handsomely engraved back to prevent scratching. Ingeniously constructed to a fine thinness. Ideal for Dress Wear or everyday use. Fitted with Aircraft shock and vibration proof movement. Cannot be overwound. Warranted 10 years. Sent for 3d. deposit and 3d. part post (6d. in all, stamps not accepted) and 1/6 fortnightly until 17/6 is paid. Cash price 15/9. Handsome 5/- neat dress chain (as illustrated) can be added to account without extra deposit. Send at once to :—

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. J.1),
88, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

CYCLISTS' DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FRONT & REAR

10/6

USUALLY 27/6

A brilliant beam ahead and a trouble-free rear light. No doubt, no upkeep costs, no more danger. Complete with sturdily built dynamo, headlight with adjustable focus, rear-light (all superbly finished in black enamel), all clips, weatherproof cable, and space for spare battery. Easily fitted by anyone in a few minutes. Only 10/6, post 6d. Such value has never been offered before. Cannot be repeated. Send at once. **J. B. WATTS**
167, LONDON ROAD, CROYDON.

DART BOARD

FULL SIZE — WEIGHT 17 LBS

YOURS FOR 1/- DOWN

Real Professional model, double-sided (both sides alike), 56 in. circumf.; brightly coloured: red, blue, black; bounced metal sections and figures. Best of Indoor Games. The craze that has swept all over Great Britain. Get it on it now, practise at home for the big prize Competitions. A few days and you will beat all comers. "The Darts Champ."—that's you, soon. Makes Winter evenings fly. Jolliest family pastime invented. No need to go out for your fun. And it's cheap. You can have all the Fun of the Fair for 1/- down and 2/- fortnightly (15/6 in all, post paid), or 14/6 Cash. State preference—brass "London" or Feathered Darts. Do it now!
BUSH & CO., Abford House, Victoria, London, S.W.1.

REAL LEATHER AND LINED WARM FLEECE DRIVING GAUNTLETS.

2/11

LESS THAN HALF THE ORIGINAL COST. ONLY HUGE DEAL FOR CASH MAKES POSSIBLE. SOFT SUPPLE SUEDE. Lined warm fleece. LARGE CUFFS. Fawn or Black. Ladies or Gents.

Worth 8/11 **2/11** post 4d.

GOVT. SURPLUS REAL SHEEPSKIN LETTER GLOVES. LINED REAL THICK SHEEPSKIN. LENGTH 12 ins. cost 8/6 to make. Ladies or gents. 3/11, post 4d., or 2 pairs 6d.

Free 2/6 gift coupon with every order. Send P.O. now or sent C.O.D. Money back guarantee.

WINNERS LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 15/9, Holborn Rest, London, W.12

FREE TO ALL!

50000 RADIO SETS

ENTIRE FACTORY'S STOCK to be given away to our customers.

Efficiency proved by fact that Research Expert of "Radio Pictorial," "Television" and late "Amateur Wireless" said: "It works very well indeed . . . received London Nat. and Reg. and Midland Reg. strongly . . . very well made." Just buy 3 packets of our famous "Double Life" 100% Sheffield 5-hole type razor blades, containing 15 blades per packet, 45 in all, for 3/6, including postage, to receive FREE the world's greatest novelty set. No Batteries, Valves, etc., to buy. Electricity not essential. Everyone receives a set without exception. Send 3/6 only at once to :—

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS Ltd. (Dept. J.W.S.14)
69, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

From 1/3 WEEKLY

HOHNER, PANCOTTI, BONELLI, CRUGNANELLI, SOPRANI ETC., ETC.
USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BAND LEADERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

£8/8/- MODEL FOR 48/6.

Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. Piano-finished cabinet, tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 piano keys, 8 basses. Send 3/- only first instalment. Balance payable 5/- monthly until £8/- is paid; or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass; etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.
The remarkably Low Terms for Monthly Payments ensure the immediate popularity of these fine instruments. Write for fully illustrated brochure of Piano Accordions post free.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 10),
94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

WATCHES GIVEN AWAY

FREE!

We will present this handsome, lever SHOCKPROOF perfectly accurate Watch with 5 YEARS FREE REPAIRSERVICE to purchasers of our high-grade BRITISH latest Stud-filling FOUNTAIN PEN with 10 years written guarantee. Equal in appearance, durability and reliability to ANY guinea pen. Send 6d. deposit, plus 6d. for post and registration, and 1/- weekly, until 5/6 is paid or 4/6 cash. Send NOW for this wonderful pen and secure this astounding Gift Watch.

WM. PENN (Dept. 16),
623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

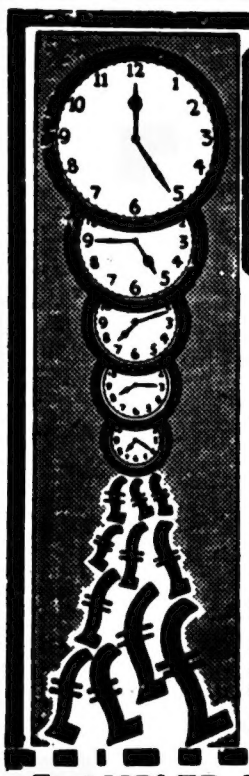
THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at night. 5/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly. Write to-day for Art List.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington, or Dept. 11, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH



by

OFFERING AMPRICO 6d. CLUB CARDS!

It will pay you to find out at once about this amazing proposition. For just **a little spare-time** devotion to a very simple and straightforward scheme **you can earn big sums weekly. No capital or experience is needed,** and everything necessary for the agent is provided free. An agency for **Amprico 6d. Treble Value Club Cards is not to be confused with the usual 20-week Drapery or similar Clubs.** The **Amprico scheme** is definitely different, and the cards sell at sight. Many agents are earning **£3- £5 weekly**—why not you? **Fill in coupon at once for complete details.**

Travellers required to appoint Agents (all districts). Salary and Commission.

To **AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD.** *(Dept. J.B.)*
Amprico House, Acton Lane, LONDON, N.W.10

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your Books of FREE GIFTS.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp)..... J.B.163. 12/10/35

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

£2-16-9 PROFIT ON 5/3

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

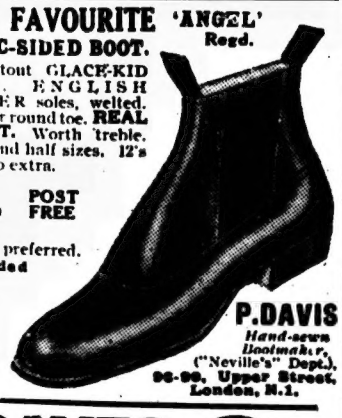
The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1-6-9 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list - - - - - **3/9** post free.

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER
(Punchboard Specialist),
46J, Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C.3.
TRADE SUPPLIED.

MEN'S FAVOURITE ELASTIC-SIDED BOOT. 'ANGEL' Regd.



BLACK stout GLACE-KID uppers, ENGLISH LEATHER soles, welted. Medium or round toe. **REAL COMFORT.** Worth treble. All sizes and half sizes. 12's and 13's no extra.

10/- POST FREE

C.O.D. if preferred.
Elastic-Sided SHOE 9 - only.
Same boot, box calf uppers and heavy soles, 2/- extra.

P. DAVIS
Hand-sewn Bootmaker,
("Neville's" Dept.),
98-99, Upper Street, London, N.1.

Free to Cyclists

AMAZING GIFT OFFER TO John Bull Readers

Leggings and Sou'wester GIVEN AWAY to all sending for

LARGE STORM CAPE

42 in. length. 120 in. skirt. Made of finest gold oilskin (sticking impossible). Black available. Quickfit leggings covering to toe. Send for this astounding bargain NOW! PRICE 5/- Post 6d.

BATES BROS.
(Everything for Cyclists),
Dept. J.B., 589-591, Barking Road, London, E.13.

GRAVES

'LUXURY' BARGAIN SALE.
Two Super quality All Wool Blankets, 63 x 86in., weight 3lb pr. Two Fleece Blankets, 60x80in. 4lb. pair. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in. 4½lb pair. One Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, 71x94in. Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54x54in. Two Pillow Cases, 20x30. Bolster Case, 20x60in. Important:—We include a 16-PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE:—6 Sheffield Stainless Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, & 6 Tea Spoons. Wear like silver. Catalogue **FREE.** Terms 5/- then 5/- monthly. **J. G. GRAVES Ltd., SHEFFIELD**

5/- NOW

GUARANTEED NEVER TO WEAR OUT!

GENUINE "POLICE" BLUE MELTONS

5/3 POST 3d.

Trousers that won't wear, hole or fray! Frankly, we do not guarantee it, but we do claim that these heavyweight **'Police' BLUE MELTONS** are the world's finest value for men needing a garment for real hard wear. Smart gentlemanly cut, side pockets, strong linings, reinforced taped back seam to prevent splitting. Double set of brace buttons. Perfectly finished and honestly worth a guinea. Send 6/- NOW, stating waist and inside leg measurements.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD., (Dept. P.J.1), 88, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

FIVE MINUTES LATE

4/6 DOWN

Why Waste Precious Minutes Each Morning at the Local Garage? Take advantage of the staggering T.U.B. reductions, and own your garage! Finest specifications, best prices! Immediate dispatch from stock, all sectional, and guaranteed complete in every detail.

CARRIAGE PAID	Lth.	With.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
GARAGE	10	7	8	£4.9.6	4/6	8/6
PRICES	12	8	8	£5.5.6	5/-	10/-
	14	8	8	£6.2.6	5/6	11/11

Write note for FREE ILLUSTRATED No. 15 CATALOGUE of High-Class Garages and Garden Sheds.

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, West Street, Erith, KENT. Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd. 'Phone: Erith 672-3.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (either sex) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself on some things you have been wanting or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Noveltics, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, Beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc.—a Masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

FIRTH GRAHAM & CO., Ltd.
(Dept. F.144), Corporation Street, Accrington.

FIRST OF ALL

it will pay YOU to see my WIRELESS BARGAINS

I offer the finest **ALL BRITISH** Sets at Bargain Prices. Any Battery or all Mains sent **ON APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID.** Write for free Art Catalogue **NOW.**

Ltd O'Brien Write for LISTS WIRELESS SPECIALISTS, DEPT. S COVENTRY.

FOR ONLY £3-10s CASH OR EASY TERMS

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

COCHRANE AND SONS have helped hundreds to make a good living selling Bargain lines in Drapery. Be your own master Start to-day. Write for Book, Free. Worth Pounds.—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER, 4.

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A BACKING of 10/- in £ Commission Guaranteed. Earn £5 Weekly. No experience. CALENDARS and Private Greeting Cards of Distinction Dept. 8, SUNSHINE PUBLISHING CO., 8, Bayer Street, LONDON, E.C.1.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS, — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 223, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

Science Again Makes Startling Strides in Overcoming Ailments & Weaknesses of Mankind

New discoveries prove that it is your Tiny Hidden Internal Glands STARVING for Certain Minerals and NATURAL FOOD IODINE that keeps you . . .

THIN, SICKLY, RUN-DOWN WEAK and NERVOUS

With thin Watery Blood that leaves you a Prey to every disease that comes along!

No wonder Mothers are tired! With the constant round of housework and taking care of children while trying to make ends meet.

It's Glands Starving for IODINE that cause

CONSTIPATION · INDIGESTION · NERVOUSNESS · SLEEPLESSNESS · WEAKNESS (*Females*) · RHEUMATISM · LOSS OF ENERGY · SKINNINESS · GOITRE

If "Vikelp" Tablets, the Amazing Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, cannot relieve and Correct ANY OF THE ABOVE AILMENTS—Cannot Bring You Rushed New Strength, Vital Energy and NEW POUNDS of Good Solid Flesh in 10 days — without the use of drugs — the TRIAL IS FREE.

NEW STRENGTH, ENERGY AND VIGOUR IN 10 DAYS

If you wake up in the morning exhausted and cannot enjoy the sound sleep that gives you rest and energy . . . if you go about weak, half-sick and ailing, skinny, nervous, irritable, easily upset and suffer from chronic stomach trouble, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the minerals and nourishment needed to build up strength, endurance and the solid pounds of extra flesh you need to feel fine. Recent scientific discoveries have proved that these DANGEROUS run-down conditions are due to IODINE STARVED GLANDS! Because it is these tiny hidden glands that promote assimilation and control metabolism—the body's process for converting ordinary food into muscle, bone, flesh and energy—"VIKELP" Tablets, which contain the world's richest source of FOOD IODINE, quickly correct those underlying causes of glandular weakness which are sapping your vitality.

By immediately improving digestion, stimulating your appetite, correcting constipation, and other ailments and by regulating metabolism, food begins to nourish—build rich, red blood, and the strength, energy and good solid flesh you need to keep you well.

READ THIS OFFER

Start "VIKELP" Tablets today. If in 10 days your strength and energy have not improved, if you have not gained pounds of solid flesh, if you don't sleep better, feel better, and have not corrected constipation, indigestion and similar stomach distress, return the empty tin and your money will be refunded.

Obtainable at all good chemists including Boots and Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd.—or send 3/11 for a 100-Tablet tin (4 to 5 times larger than ordinary tablets) direct to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. JB/10/2, 10 Henrietta Street, London, W.1.

C.L., of Manchester gratefully writes "I have gained 7½ lbs. and hope to gain more. I think it is the finest thing I have ever taken."

VIKELP Iron Body Building Tablets

See that you get Vikelp brand Body Building Tablets. Don't be misled — guaranteed or money back.

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DIAMOND Aluminium utensils supply every cooking need at prices to suit all pockets. Write to the London Aluminium Co., Ltd., Dept. A.D., Witton, Birmingham, for special free booklet, "Modern Cooking." A postcard will do. See p. 43.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

CYCLISTS! Accept the free gift offer made in the advt of Messrs. Bates Bros. which appears in this week's "Shop Window" on page 3. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

A BOOT BARGAIN for Men is made in this week's "Shop Window" by P. Davis, the hand-sewn boot maker. Read the offer on page 3 NOW!

LOOK into *John Bull's* "Shop Window" (pages 2 and 3) for free gift offers to readers.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS! You will not regret sending for my wonderful home-made baby clothes outfit. Every garment made from the best materials and correct designs. Advertised and supplied to *John Bull* readers for ten years. To-day's improved layette represents better value than ever. Complete layette at 30/- or Superior set at 42s., including best flannels and 12/6 qual. shawl. Send 2/- for parcel on approval. Mrs. J. Howard, 63, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Berkeley Superlax Chair advt. on page 35 for free illustrated catalogue of all models, together with compete range of coverings, patterns, etc. 30/- with order secures this luxurious chair, modern in design and ever so comfortable.

DO you use an ACME Portable Wringer-Mangle? Write for free illustrated booklet 2A describing all models, which carry 10-year free replacement guarantee.—Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E. See p. 27.

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PIANO-ACCORDIONS, 1936 list ready. Drums, all access., Trumpets, Guitars, etc., 1d. for brgns 46-p. cat. free.—Terms, J. B. RAYMOND & CO., Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

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FREE Sample of Cephos, the Physician's remedy for Colds, 'Flu, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and effective. In powders and tablets.—Send p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WALK ERECT by wearing the "H A S. BRACE." Suitable for either sex. See illustrated advertisement of J. R. Harrison on page 2.

INDIGESTION sufferers! Fill in the coupon on p. 5 for free sample tin of BARLEY'S ANTACID POWDER.

FREE sample of WINCARNIS, the wonder tonic wine. Fill in coupon on p. 33 and enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover cost of post and pkg.

A GENEROUS sample of Simpkins Stomach Hexagons will be sent on application to A. L. Simpkins and Co., Dept. 101, Barley Sugar Works, Shemeld, 6. Simply send 4d. in stamps with the name of your chemist. See p. 41

FREE.—A special book of home treatment for skin infections. Send a p.c. to Vemo Drug Co. (Dept. J.B., 2600), Manchester, 16. See p. 37.

ON p. 34 the makers of GENASPRIN have met a useful need by producing a handy-sized pocket container holding 10 tablets of Genasprin. With this container in pocket or handbag it will easily banish at once a headache, toothache, or rheumatic pain, quickly and safely.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 oz. Teasets 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing bills and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

FUTURE BOTHERING YOU? Let common-sense psychology help you to make it secure. Write for FREE COPY "The Great Discovery" to SHELLEY CASTLE, 48, Castle House, Jackson's Lane, LONDON, N.6.

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PROTECT yourself and your dependents with a PEARL "Pension Assurance" Policy. Fill in inquiry form, p.20, for partics. to suit your needs.

FREE.—Write at once to Dept. C.E.3, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, for your free copy of a useful free gift booklet. Many children's gifts appear in it. See page 26.

A FREE trial supply of Steradent, which removes every stain and discoloration and ensures clean, purified and odourless dentures, is offered to readers who send 1½d. in stamps to Steradent, Ltd. (Dept. 48V), 10, Chitty Street, London, W.1. This appears in the advt. on p. 37.

HARLENE.—Accept this Double Gift offer. Send the coupon in Harlene Hair Cream announcement on back cover. Enclose 3d. stamps to cover postage, etc., and you will receive by return a free tube of Harlene Soapless. Brilliantine Shaving Cream, sufficient for 8-day test; also a free sample of Harlene Hair Cream.

FREE.—A choice of any three of the following "Harlene" gifts: (1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in advt. on back cover with 4d. stamp for postage for free samples and manual of instructions.

GOOD NEWS FOR FRAIL KIDDIES.

No More Nasty Medicines.

Who doesn't remember the horrible medicines we were forced to swallow when our mothers thought we needed something to build up our skinny limbs?

Modern mothers and modern children are luckier. Doctors have discovered that Halibut Liver Oil is so much richer in the essential vitamins than Cod Liver Oil that it is possible to concentrate all its goodness in little sugar-coated tablets called Clotabs. As easy to take as sweets.

These Clotabs are simply wonderful for helping children to build up fine sturdy limbs and bodies. One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4 lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run down and underweight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. A girl of 9 had been delicate from birth and nothing did her any good. Her mother writes, "*Clotabs are really wonderful and doing her a tremendous lot of good, putting a rosy complexion in her cheeks and making her eat marvellously. We can hardly believe it is the same child.*" Another very delicate girl of 5 who could not gain weight started almost as soon as she took Clotabs.

Just ask for Clotabs; any good chemist will tell you they are wonderful flesh and health builders, and don't forget that they are wonder workers for feeble old folks. Only 1/3 and 3/- the bottle from any chemist.

SIMPLE HOME RECIPE CURES CATARRH

To bring quick relief and speedy cure of catarrh, head noises, catarrhal deafness sore throat or any type of cold there is nothing so effective as this simple recipe, which, by the way, is approved by the highest medical authorities.

Get from your chemist one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take it home and mix it with half a pint of hot water and 4 ozs. of sugar or honey. It gives you a large bottle of the most powerful and efficacious medicine and one that's so pleasant, even kiddies like it.

The first dose of this Parmint syrup stops all the distressing head noises. The stuffed-up nostrils clear. Breathing becomes easier. Coughing ceases. The infection is destroyed.

This Parmint preparation is easy to make and costs little for such a big bottle of so effective a medicine. If you haven't time to make up the syrup, take half a teaspoonful of the neat Parmint in a little water. Everyone liable to colds and catarrh ought to give it a trial.

PILES RELIEVED INSTANTLY

. . . . "*I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before.*"
J. O., Burley-in-Wharfedale.

Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs only 3/- at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

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AGE LIMITS 15—26; EITHER SEX
COMMENCING PAY 15/- to £7 14s. PER WEEK
NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

FREE GUIDE

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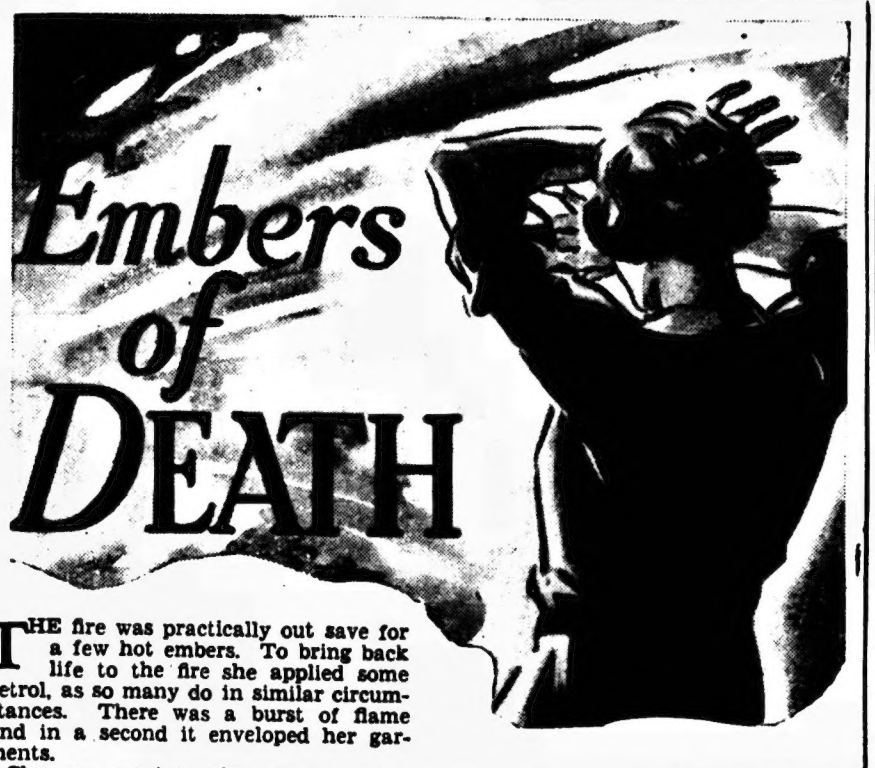
B.T.I. (Dept. 78),
28, OXFORD STREET, W.1.



THE fire was practically out save for a few hot embers. To bring back life to the fire she applied some petrol, as so many do in similar circumstances. There was a burst of flame and in a second it enveloped her garments.

She ran out into the street, crying piteously for help. A man raced to her assistance. Neighbours brought blankets which were quickly wrapped round her. But, despite desperate efforts to save her, she died as a result of severe burns.

This, in brief, is the sad fate which befell Mrs. W. McTaggart, of 89, Muir Street, Hamilton, Lanarks, and again proves how a simple act may bring tragedy.

"JOHN BULL'S" £50 CHEQUE.

Mr. McTaggart, the widower, as a registered reader of JOHN BULL, has received a cheque for £50 as Benefit under JOHN BULL'S great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Only too frequently danger lurks in little, apparently harmless, household tasks. Remember that the average number of *fatal* home accidents occurring yearly is 7,800. Thus making the home, which we consider to be so safe, more perilous than the streets.

JOHN BULL'S great Free Family Insurance Gift not only provides generous benefits for Home and Garden Accidents, Sports Accidents, Loss by Burglary, damage to Wireless by Lightning, Accidents to children, etc., but in addition it is the *only* newspaper Insurance Gift to provide Sickness Benefit and to safeguard those precious possessions that mean home to you against damage caused by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest. Again, JOHN BULL provides another feature which is unique—a welcome 10 per cent. bonus is added to *every* benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

SIGN FOR SECURITY.

Think! This security gift which JOHN BULL offers you is *free*. Simply fill up the forms below, and then you can face the future with absolute confidence, knowing that not only yourself but your dear ones and your home are protected.

"JOHN BULL"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits

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Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 12/10/35

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Post this Form to
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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 12/10/35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

FREE

9D. TIN POST PAID

EXACT SIZE OF FREE 9d. TIN

WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST TIN

Birley's is so astoundingly good that we ask you to try it AT OUR EXPENSE. All you need do is to send coupon in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope. We send 9d. tin free and post paid (*for Free Trial only and not for Sale*). It contains more than enough to prove it is the WORLD'S BEST remedy for Indigestion and its kindred ailments. Tasteless & harmless.

THE PROVED REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

OF ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.

COUPON No. 71

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.
16, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address .....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly*

No More Grey Hair

If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, clean.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. R. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

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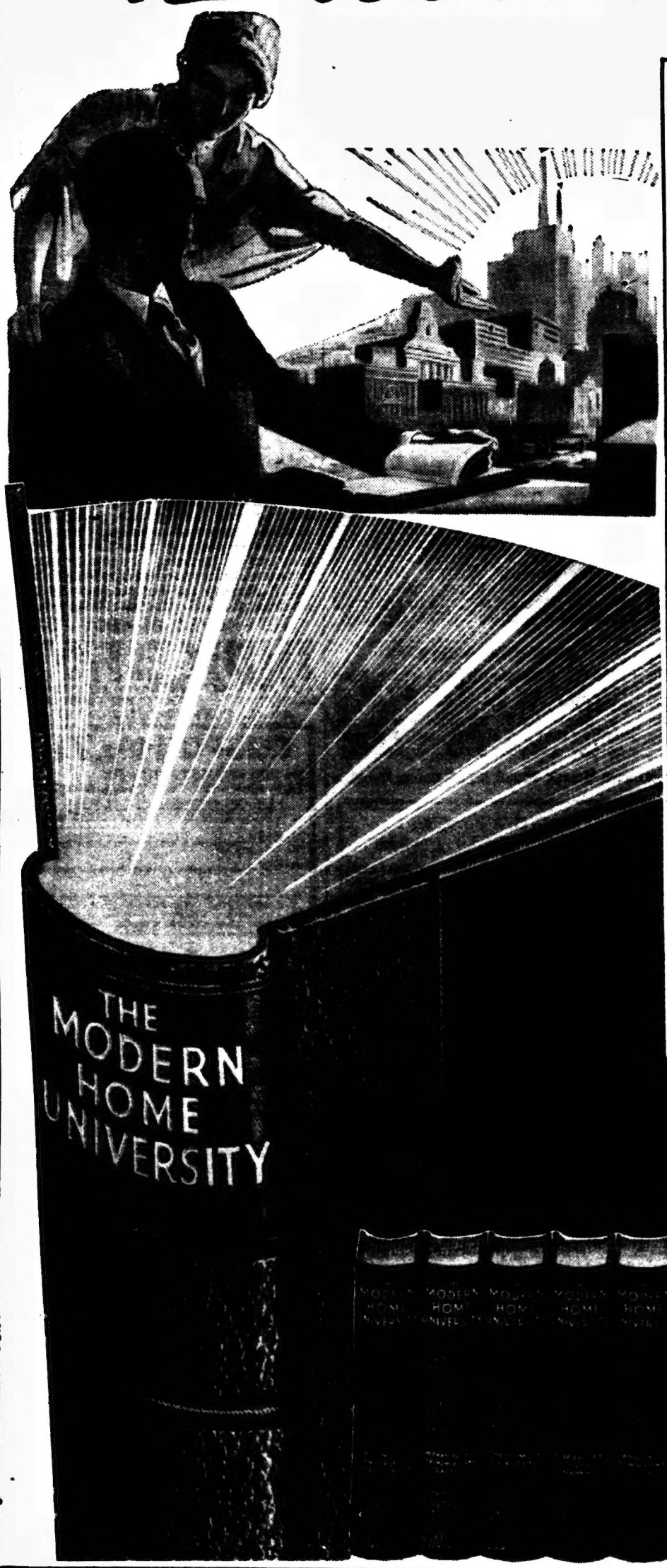

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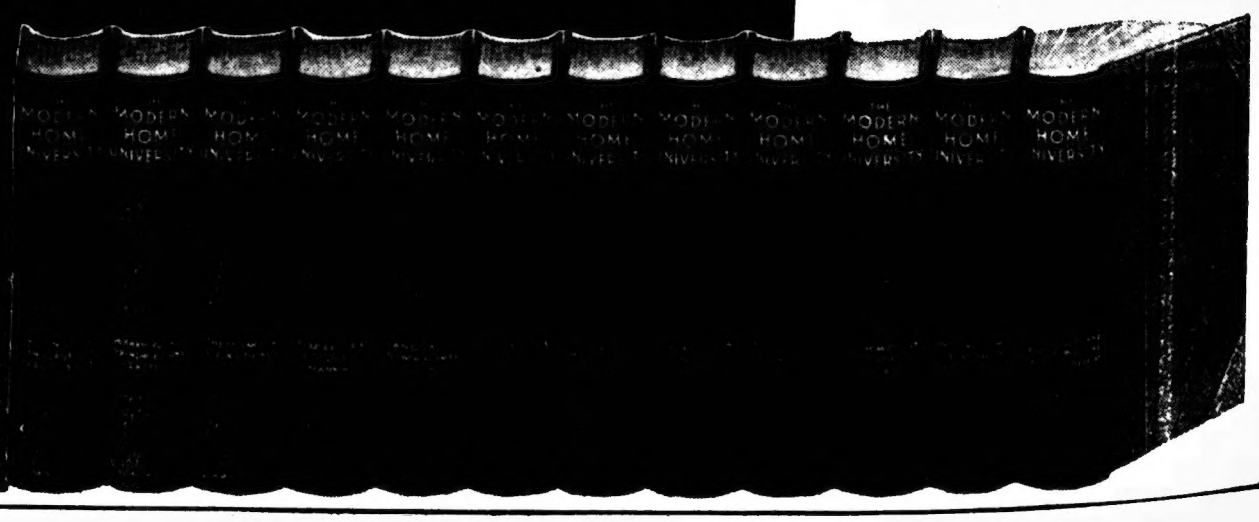

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Without Fear or Favour

DOCTORS who Let You DIE

EXACTLY a year ago JOHN BULL completed its famous exposure of the evils of the panel patient system.

In the interval we have seen a good many of the improvements we demanded come into being. Notably, there has been a clean-up of the racketeering in panel prescriptions, and a much higher standard of service given by panel chemists to the patients.

The dental service has been improved enormously. Skilled treatment is now available more easily and generally in every area throughout the Kingdom, and nearly twice as many patients as last year are taking advantage of it.

The optical service, thanks to concerted action on the part of the Approved Societies, has been taken out of the hands of quacks; proper standards have been created for the quality of lenses and spectacles and the commercial ramp which was impending has been nipped in the bud.

☆ ★ ☆

But when all is said and done these sections and a few others are merely subsidiary branches of the National Health Insurance scheme.

The main stem of the scheme, the panel medical service, has certainly not improved. If anything, it has become worse.

More cases than ever have come before the various Insurance Committees of doctors who have grossly neglected their patients. There have been a round dozen during the past half-year and in about half the instances the patients have died. Only in one instance was a doctor actually struck off the medical panel, and that was for accepting fees from a panel patient.

That is a fairly direct form of cheating, but in our view it is a lesser offence than that of a doctor who lives on the panel income and at the same time makes no effort to earn it.

The practice of suppressing the guilty doctors' names, against which we protested, is still maintained at these Insurance Committee enquiries.

The Committees are still largely packed with doctors who do everything to save a brother medico's face; and who still consider that a £10 fine, to be deducted from panel earnings of perhaps £1,000 a year, is a sufficient penalty for gross neglect of duty which might involve the death of a patient.

We demanded that all Insurance Committees should have actual panel patients among their members at these enquiries, but so far we have been able to trace only a half-dozen areas where this system has been introduced.

☆ ★ ☆

Black sheep doctors flourish because of this immunity from effective blame or adequate penalty.

And there is plenty of evidence in the proceedings at some of these enquiries (which is usually not published) to show that they are truculently aware of the fact. They are now either plainly defiant or do not even bother to give a reasonable excuse.

One doctor was hauled up because he failed to attend his surgery at regular hours; another because he omitted to have a patient transferred to hospital when necessary.

In each case the excuse was so flimsy as to be no excuse at all.

The General Medical Council has taken up one point we raised—the usury which goes on in connection with panel practices. All over the country panels are fast passing into the hands of moneylending firms, who hawk them out to young doctors at huge rates of interest. But beyond some pious resolutions the G.M.C. has done nothing.

Will He Never Come?

At the same time the British Medical Association has been pointing out how overcrowded the profession is becoming. There are now 57,496 doctors on the register, 1,664 more than last year, 7,500 more than ten years ago, 15,000 more than twenty years ago.

☆ ★ ☆

We submit that there is a direct connection between the scramble for a living which is going on in the profession and the growing neglect of patients and other abuses in the panel system.

We have seen a form sent by a medical financing agency to a newly qualified doctor who wanted assistance in acquiring a practice. Before he could get an initial loan he had to assign all the capitation fees from his panel to the agency, then sign a blank form of resignation, and another blank form appointing a successor without, of course, that successor's name being filled in.

Those forms are held over his head all the time he is in practice If his repayments fall off, out he goes and another doctor steps in. There is one case reported to us of a panel in a Lancashire town which has changed hands five times in three years!

What chance have the panel patients got when their doctor has to do his work under such conditions. Naturally he spends most of his time trying to increase his panel so he can have a margin over the repayments he has to make to the moneylenders who financed the practice, or to find as many other jobs as he can. In either case the patients suffer; their treatment is scrambled, they begin to count as "so much a nob" and not as human beings.

But if the rulers of the medical profession cannot or will not do anything to stop the panel usury racket, what does the Ministry of Health think about this steady conversion of a State scheme into a safe security for moneylenders?

In a few weeks' time the question of the extension of Health Insurance will be discussed in the House of Commons.

☆ ★ ☆

We suggest that it will be a good opportunity for Sir Kingsley Wood to go into the evils and abuses of the existing panel medical service.

He has a legacy of error and muddle left to him by his predecessors in office, but, if he is searching for a cure we recommend that he listens more to individual doctors than to the governing bodies of the profession.

To clean up the panel medical service is a job worth doing and one of the biggest jobs in all the social services.

If Sir Kingsley can succeed in doing it he will earn the gratitude of some fifteen millions of his fellow-subjects, not to mention the members of a great profession who are well aware of how, through the shortcomings of the panel system, their once lofty ideals are being debased and corrupted.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Quickest Way Out for "Ten in a Room"!

SOON the nation-wide house-to-house survey which the Government has ordered will be beginning. Millions of homes will be visited by officials, the number of their rooms and occupants noted.

Those which are thought to be overcrowded will again be inspected so that the exact sizes of their rooms may be ascertained.

Such is the announcement of Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health.

Unfortunately, while explaining these provisions of the new anti-overcrowding law he has failed to explain how overcrowding's greatest problem will be solved.

For he has said nothing about the all-important question of rents.

Profiteering

He does not tell us how those families which may be ordered better accommodation will be able to find it at a reasonable rent.

Few families which live in only one or two rooms are content with their lot. Exorbitant rents prevent them from obtaining three or four rooms, or the cheap houses they need.

The Bill we want from Sir Kingsley

Houses to let at low rents are only being built for the slum-dwellers. There are none for working-class folk whose conditions are little better.

10s. a room

We have often reminded our readers of the hundreds of thousands who are forced to pay ten and fifteen shillings for one or two rooms which lack any sort of convenience. What do you think they will do when compelled to find three or four rooms?

Frankly, we don't know the answer. Nor, we suspect, does Sir Kingsley.

But he has the power to curb the profiteering of unscrupulous landlords. That would increase an overcrowded family's chance of obtaining more accommodation at a rent which it can afford.

Fair Rent Bill

We have no doubt that if he introduced a Fair Rent Bill it would secure general support and a speedy passage into law.

It need not be involved or difficult to apply. It need only stipulate that no house should be let, either wholly or in tenements, at a total rent in excess of a certain sum above the rateable value—a sum representing a reasonable profit for the landlord.

If that were done it would be the simplest of all our Housing Acts. And it would end, once and for all, the cruel evil of exorbitant rents—and hence the evil of "ten in a room."

Safer motherhood

However, Sir Kingsley is telling Ministry of Health experts to redouble their efforts to save the lives of mothers in childbirth. He is also gingering up local authorities.

The biggest causes of needless maternal mortality are errors of judgment and lack of antenatal care. The first calls for better training of medical students and a national system of qualified midwives. The second implies that there are too few clinics for expectant mothers.

So the problem *can* be solved if tackled on a sufficiently big scale.

Overdue

And what of the children? In one month forty-eight infants under the age of five years have died in Newcastle alone.

The city authorities are considering the appointment of a full-time medical officer for child welfare, an enquiry into the causes of infantile mortality, and the formation of a corps of municipal midwives.

Our satisfaction will be increased when these proposals get past the "considering" stage and reach the civic statute book, not only of Newcastle, but of every municipality in the Kingdom. They are tragically overdue.

Self-condemned

So is the reply of officialdom to repeated applications for the feeding of schoolchildren in the sorely distressed area of Maesteg.

The health of mothers is becoming seriously undermined by the sacrifices they are making for their youngsters. The local medical officer has called attention to the "great suffering" prevailing. But all approaches to the county council have been ignored.

Whether the attitude of its members is due to perverseness or parsimony doesn't matter so much as the inhumanity of which they stand self-condemned.

Test or talk?

Still, another matter affecting public health is at last receiving official attention. Mr. Walter Elliot is enquiring into the successful tests in Northern Ireland with the Spahlinger vaccine for immunising cattle against tuberculosis.

Note the "enquiring." Similar success was obtained by experts in Britain years ago, but our Government has always refused to heed them.

Will it now test Mr. Spahlinger's claims for itself? Or must more years be wasted before it definitely decides to accept or reject them?

Happier homes

For less talk and more action we can admire the lords of the Silent Service. Their decision to set up special courts to deal with the domestic troubles of naval men is as excellent as it is unexpected.

Let us hope that the Home Office will refuse to be left behind by the Admiralty, so that any private citizen will be able to grasp the helping hand now extended to the sailor.

In other words, let us have those Courts of Domestic Relations which we have so long advocated and which would save countless marriages from avoidable disaster.

Electricity Enquiry in the Dark

In the dark

One of the main planks in our campaign against the nation-wide muddle of electricity prices and types of supply was a demand for a Government Committee to overhaul the entire system. Within a few weeks of our final article a committee was set up, under the chairmanship of Sir Harry McGowan.

We make no complaint against that appointment, but we must strongly protest against the constitution of the rest of the committee because *the householder, or any other of the country's six million consumers of electricity, are not represented on this committee at all.*

Secret meetings

Moreover, the proceedings are to be heard *in camera.*

We know that the big power companies who have long battened on the consumer are now preparing defence ammunition to let off before this secret committee. But nobody knows what will be said.

This will not do. Other members should be empanelled to make the committee more representative of electricity users. And so vastly important a subject must not be handled by "hole-and-corner" methods. Otherwise the Government's intentions in appointing the committee can only be described as a bluff and a farce—and we shall continue to say so.

Ghouls of a Sea Disaster

Ghouls make merry

We are sometimes told that only a thin veneer separates modern civilisation from naked barbarism. This was demonstrated the other day after the wreck of a Hull fishing vessel off the Yorkshire coast with the loss of eleven lives.

Thousands of trippers made holiday near the scene of the disaster during the search for the missing bodies of the crew. Parking fees were charged by landowners along the coast line; picnickers gorged themselves while waiting for the sea to give up its dead.

Most of the criminals in our jails have a better sense of decency than those law-abiding citizens.

Wicked whispers

And few criminals are so cruel as those Bristol scandalmongers whose infamous rumours have caused a woman's hair to turn grey in ten days.

The rumours alleged that she and her husband were responsible for the death of her three step-children, who were accidentally gassed. When she returned from shopping one day, mounted police had to clear a way for her through the mob that surrounded her house.

Only the old pillory would be an adequate penalty for those whisperers.

The Fragrant Minute

LIFT

"LIFT" for loveliness, a beauty specialist said. "Lift the facial muscles from chin towards the head. From underneath the chin; at the corner of the eyes; these are the 'lifting' points, if you are wise."

"Lift" for loveliness! Indeed that woman's right. Lift up your eyes to the glory of the night. Lift up your eyes to the beauty of the sun and much, much good to the soul is done!

"Lift" for loveliness. She's right I say again. Lift up your mind to the spirit's highest plane. Lift up your heart in gratitude and praise—and loveliness will be the robe and crown of all your days.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Safety Week

This is "Safety Week" in London. Churches, schools, transport services, local authorities—and, of course, Mr. Hore-Belisha—have joined in appealing to the metropolitan millions for greater care on the road.

That is fine. All road users must be taught to observe their responsibilities.

But so must Authority. We should have safer roads if we had a national road system, with all the death traps swept away.

Baffled

It is true that Government experts confess themselves baffled in the search for the best road surface.

But an obvious step forward would be to avoid some of the surfaces known to cause many accidents. For instance, near Dereham, Norfolk, one car overturned and two skidded into a ditch at one spot in a single day recently. There are many such places.

It doesn't need scientists to tell us that those surfaces should be blacklisted.

Barring the bilkers

Nor do we need telling that folk who travel by rail without paying the proper fare should be prosecuted. We shall not grumble about the anti-bilking campaign which is being started by the London Transport Board.

But we shall have more sympathy with the Board when it no longer compels honest travellers to journey in the discomfort of the guard's van or an overcrowded compartment, and when it allows season-ticket holders a rebate while they are on holiday.

Dogs in danger

If you ever take your dog for a run in the country you'd better be careful.

In many districts farmers are organising dog-shooting expeditions on the plea that their sheep are being chased by strays.

Many valuable dogs have been shot recently, and their owners have no redress.

Returned without thanks

Though we do not agree with those who lead the demand for re-armament, we must respect their integrity.

A few days ago a four-figure cheque was sent to an organisation that advocates bigger armaments of a certain type. The money came from a firm that would benefit if the Government placed increased orders for that type of arms.

The society has returned the cheque.

Where's the doctor?

Once more there is proof of the hardship caused by doctors taking their weekly half-holiday on the same afternoon as chemists.

When a Coatbridge woman was seriously burned, the town was searched in vain for medical aid, and eventually the outlying villages had to be scoured before the woman could receive treatment.

In some towns, doctors and chemists arrange that one of their number shall remain within call on their "early closing day." That system should be general.

Bootlegger's tutor

This year there has been a greater increase in illicit spirits than ever before. So it's gratifying to see that a Manor Park man who hit on the unhappy idea of a correspondence course in bootlegging will spend the next three months in jail.

He is Frederick Young or Hartley, and our exposure of him in our issue of July 6 was the first public indication of the traffic he was carrying on.

DEARER *Winter* FOOD

—A— *Warning by* LORD STRABOLGI

Among the many food items likely to rise in price is meat, because the war in Africa is having the effect of increasing the demand for it, the Italians having ordered large supplies of frozen meat

I RETURNED a few days ago from a political tour of the North of England. There, in the industrial districts, I met the key people of the Labour Party, many of them members of local authorities. I talked with business men, with no political affinities; and with many working men and their wives.

I found that the rising price of foodstuffs is creating considerable anxiety. Most of the families who depend on weekly wages, or would depend on weekly wages if they could find employment, live on a budget of household expenses so finely drawn that halfpennies matter.

Bacon has disappeared from the tables of thousands of poor households.

The bacon case is scandalous. The same amount of Danish bacon was brought into this country last year as the year before; yet by special agreement we paid the Danes twice as much for the same quantity in order to maintain the general high level of prices!

The pig breeders here who, after the consumers, are most deserving of fair treatment, have not received any more; the middlemen and the bacon-curers have reaped the profit; the Danes have been given a free bonus—and the bacon eaters have to suffer.

The recent rise of a penny a loaf on bread means a difference of 7d. a week to a family. Eggs, cheese and butter are up in price. There has been talk of raising the cost of milk. Fruit and vegetables are dearer.

The Italian Government has been buying lemon supplies to quench the thirst of Mussolini's legions in Africa, and the temporary shortage has led to a rise in the price of lemons.

★ ★ ★

THIS is only one example; but the Italians have also bought up large quantities of frozen meat, sufficient to keep their troops for several months. The war in Africa will raise the price of frozen meat for our people at home! The knowledge that the Government in Rome is in the market for meat has led to a hardening of world meat prices; and a hardening of life for thousands of poor mothers in Britain.

The wholesale food markets are recovering from what the economists and bankers call maladjustment; that is to say, the artificial restrictions, plus the droughts and other weather abnormalities in several food-producing countries, have removed the greater part of the visible surplus.

Now, with war in Abyssinia, the markets will go still more in the sellers' favour; in other words, wholesale food prices will rise all round.

We can be quite certain that the increase in prices will immediately be passed on by the retailers.

If the unfortunate consumers are left at the mercy of the so-called free play of the market, there will be a sharp rise in the cost of living this winter.

With prices based on the figures *before the recent rise of three points in the cost-of-living index*, a report was placed before the British Association at Norwich showing that for the bare necessities of life a man, wife and three children, the so-called average family, required to spend 31s. 10d. a week.

An unemployed man with a wife and three children receives 32s. So a large proportion of the two million unemployed and their families, totalling perhaps six million souls, are living definitely below the subsistence level.

Again, because of the recent circular issued by the Minister of Education under the present "National" Government, the regulations for the feeding of school children have been tightened up.

Public-spirited local education authorities were, previously, able to do a good deal to relieve want amongst the children by the provision of school meals. Now they are not allowed to do so until an overworked medical officer of health has certified the children, individually, as undernourished.

Therefore the children have to show actual signs of under-feeding before the school authorities can come to the rescue.

What happens in the average unemployed family when the school meals are stopped, is that either the mother starves herself so that the children, at least, get enough to eat; or else the father denies himself to such an extent that when he does obtain work he is not physically fit enough to perform his job; or else the children themselves are underfed.

We in Britain have been lucky since we went off the gold standard. The pound has fallen since 1931 to a purchasing value of 13s. in the world's markets, but this fall coincided with a heavy drop in wholesale prices.

There has been a glut of meat, wheat, pig and dairy products in most of the producing countries.

In France, Germany and Italy drastic Government action has been taken to stimulate the production of foodstuffs, and particularly wheat. This helped towards the creation of a surplus; but now the agricultural producing countries, through their Governments or through the manipulation of the merchants, have tried to raise prices in various ways.

The Canadian Government has organised the withholding of wheat supplies from the market. The Russian Government has diverted more of the foodstuffs produced in the South of Russia to the home markets so that its nationals can be better fed.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

SEVERE drought in the Argentine this year will have an effect on the wheat and the dairy products of that country in the future. The American Government has actually paid for the slaughtering of hogs, and has bribed the farmers to sow less wheat and other cereals.

Nemesis has been overtaking us here in Britain. A policy of cuts and economies in wages, unemployment allowances, public assistance, etc., has led to a reduced demand for foodstuffs.

The producers, threatened with so-called over-production, have made frantic efforts to create a shortage so that prices will rise. Then Nature stepped in, and in several of the important producing countries has shortened the crop.

And now the Abyssinian war is leading to a scramble to corner wheat, frozen meat and other essentials.

We may thus in the coming winter be faced with a situation not so very different from that of the Great War.

Neither the wholesalers nor the retailers are in business for their health.

The wholesalers, particularly, if they see a chance of creating an artificial shortage by cornering supplies or withholding supplies from the market will not hesitate for a moment to do so. And the pinch will immediately be felt in thousands of poor homes throughout Britain.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

WHAT can be done about it? So far, the Government's planning has all been in the direction of raising prices and increasing profits through an artificial scarcity.

But now I can see no alternative but Government control of food prices. Some of the machinery exists already in the hitherto powerless Food Council.

Lord Linlithgow, Chairman of the Committee on Agricultural Prices, gave a strong hint of Governmental action in his recent address to the Grocers' Association.

The Milk Board, which has been engaged in a dispute with the distributors, can fix the price of milk and, if necessary, set up an alternative organisation for distributing it.

What can be done with milk can be done with flour, bacon, potatoes and both fresh and frozen meat. Above all, drastic action should be taken immediately if any serious attempt is made to corner commodities.

That an attempt will be made, under the favourable conditions described above, is certain. Profiteering in foodstuffs at any stage between the primary producer and the ultimate consumer (that is, between the farmer who grows the food and the housewife who buys it), whether through factors, merchants, wholesalers or retailers, should be dealt with immediately.

The wage-earners of Britain have been treated badly enough already. If a food ramp comes this winter, to add to their other troubles it will be an atrocious injustice.

ON the

by Wilfred Barber
the War Correspondent

ADDIS ABABA.

ETHIOPIA is the last country in Africa where the natives rule. It is the last spot on earth where black man or brown man—Ethiopians are brown and black and even yellowish olive—can look at the white man as an equal and feel and be independent.

It is the only country in Africa that has been able to resist invasion and to remain free, so these people must have something in them.

Even to-day, when the soldiery of Italy, who are imbued with the pride, if perhaps not with the valour, of imperial Rome, have invaded the land, Ethiopia merits the title given it by the ancient Greeks—"Land of the Independents."

Independence is chiefly a matter of geography—wholly so, if you except the warrior race that has inhabited the country for upwards of 2,500 years. You appreciate that when you feel the scorching sun of the Red Sea, when you are baked, fried, roasted and boiled as your train creeps across the Somali desert outside Djibouti, when you shiver and cringe in the torrential downpour of the summer rains at Addis Ababa.

The four natural factors in Ethiopia's independence are sun, mountains, wind and rain, as Mussolini's black-shirted young men are finding out.

Thousands, perhaps millions, of centuries of merciless sun have taken the lowlands that surround Ethiopia on all except the south-western and north-eastern frontiers and made them into scorched and parched deserts, where only goats and Somali or Danskil nomad tribesmen can live.

Those deserts to-day, as in the past, form Ethiopia's best natural strongholds.

Then there are the mountains, into which the Ethiopian has retired on the rare occasions when invaders have succeeded in crossing the deserts.

In the north, in the part of the country inhabited by the old stock of Amhara, grandsons of Ham, the mountains rise thousands of feet, with several peaks thrusting up to almost 14,000 ft. Snow-covered Dajan reaches 15,160 ft. and Mount Kollo 14,100 ft. The mountains fall away, west and east, into rolling uplands, where millions of cattle could graze and only a slight effort of man is needed to bring three crops a year out of rich soil.

Roads impassable

The sun and the mountains enter into combination with the wind and the rain to complete the natural defences and form the wealth of Ethiopia.

The wind is the south-west monsoon. It blows out of the Indian Ocean, sweeps in hot, dry gusts across the coastline deserts of north-eastern Africa, rushes over the uplands and breaks against the high and sun-baked mountains of north-western Ethiopia.

It brings the rains that water the high plateaux and turn dry riverbeds into roaring torrents. A few minutes before the rain the rivers could be crossed dry-shod—your boots would even be covered with dust—but when the rain comes the rivers become impassable.

In the rainy season, which starts in June and ends in mid-September, except that this year it started a couple of months earlier, all roads (or such tracks as exist) become impassable mud, and the streams in the deep gorges rise many feet.

The Takkaze, or Terrible, which runs irregularly northward to the Nile and skirts the Italian possession of Eritrea, rises 18 ft. as it rushes down from the tableland 7,000 ft. up. It makes an impassable barrier between the central and northern provinces in the rainy season.

To everyone who knows Ethiopia the rains, far more than the League of Nations, explain why Mussolini had to stay his hand for so long.

Throughout history lowland peoples have looked toward the mountains and fertile plateaux and dreamed of conquest, but geography and their own natural fierce courage have kept the Ethiopians free.

Can geography still do it? That is a question that can be answered only by the ultimate test in war of the value of the Italian troops.

Ethiopia's best allies—sun, mountains, wind and rain—constitute at once her greatest menace, for without them the country would be just another bit of desert, like the Sudan or the Sahara, and Mussolini would never have bothered to trouble himself or the world about Ethiopia.

Greatest of all natural dangers to Ethiopia is the rain. For, besides bringing wealth to the uplands, the rain means the Nile and, in the classic phrase, "the Nile is Egypt and Egypt is the Nile.' To continue, "and Great Britain has Egypt and the Nile."

Cotton plan

She means to keep them, and a thirty-year-old treaty with Ethiopia, signed by the great Emperor Menelik, forbids Ethiopia to construct any dam that might obstruct the course of the Blue Nile, which rises in north-western Ethiopia, runs twenty miles through Lake Tsana and tumbles hundreds of miles down the mountains to join the White Nile near Khartoum, bearing the silt that makes the Nile basin fertile.

Great Britain has constructed dams across the Nile and is developing a vast triangle enclosed by the Blue and White Niles for growing cotton. In a few years if all goes well, Great Britain will have her own cotton.

The White Nile also draws a great and important flood of water from Western Ethiopia, while to the east and north-east and south-east the land is almost waterless.

The big Hawash rises in the central highlands, rushes bravely in the rainy season through deep gorges and floods lowlands, but, just as many an Italian soldier will want to do, gives up in the Somali desert and sinks into the sands not many miles from French Somaliland.

The other big river that runs eastward, the Webi Shebeli, is braver, but about twenty miles from the Indian Ocean in Italian Somaliland it turns abruptly to follow the coastline a couple of hundred miles, and then also disappears into the sands, leaving only marshes to mark its destination.

Then, besides Tsana, there are lakes in the south, but they contribute little to the defence or the wealth of Ethiopia.

That is one worry off Mussolini's teeming mind, but, unless modern weapons, such as aeroplanes, gas, tanks and machine-guns, plus heavy artillery, overwhelm the Ethiopians in a few short battles, the Italians will have much to do before they can conquer this country.

You only have to see the independent bearing of these people—"they act as if they owned the place," and to Italy's regret they still do—to realise that, even if the last battle is won by the Italians, it will take them years to settle the country, reorganise it on their lines and make a profit.

Ethiopia is poor, because undeveloped, but with a little development it might be rich. You can discount about 75 per cent. of the stories of its enormous mineral wealth, but agriculturally it could be wealthy. The Emperor is trying to make it so, and by all accounts he is doing a good though slow job.

The capital, Addis Ababa, is without electric light except in a few houses, without drainage, with scarcely a good house or a good store or a good street.

Ethiopia's ancient customs—slavery, despotism, feudalism and unthinking cruelty to man and animal—alternately rouse the anger and excite the scorn of more civilised nations.

In Spain it's forever to-morrow, the renowned *mañana*, but in Ethiopia it's always the day after to-morrow, next week, next month or next year.

To-morrow one will get a photographer's permit, to-morrow the government will have something to say, to-morrow roads will be built throughout the country, to-morrow the sidewalks of Addis Ababa will be paved so the people can walk on them instead of cluttering up the streets, to-morrow this, to-morrow that, till morrow merges into morrow and days into weeks and weeks into years.

Ishi, nuga—very well, to-morrow, is what it means—is an example of Ethiopian politeness, like the lack of a one-syllable word to say No, but it is more than that.

It is the watchword of this country with an ancient civilisation now left far behind in the world's advance. It is the Ethiopian's way of postponing evil and of avoiding work, for, except the farmers, and among them chiefly the negroid Gallas, the Ethiopians are lazy and unwilling to break their centuries-old routine.

Policy of delay

Commercial concerns wait months and sometimes years for permission to start business after being promised this or that concession.

Individuals, here to spend four months, ask for a hunting permit immediately on their arrival; they wait and wait and finally go hunting without it. Sometimes they get into trouble, but most often they don't, and long after their departure from Ethiopia some clerk issues the permit.

Usually the *ishi nuga* is not dangerous, but sometimes it is. Observers say, for instance, that if the Ethiopians had resisted many months ago when the

Abyssinian Front . .

Abyssinian troops, packed as tightly as possible, leave for the fighting line. Some have uniforms, but a large proportion fight in their everyday clothing

Italian advance into their province of Ogaden first started the present war never would have arisen.

The Italians could have been stopped before they gathered in force and before Mussolini was in position to demand from the rest of Europe a free hand in conquering Ethiopia.

Instead, the Government let the Italians make their inroads—or the fault lay with border chieftains—till, possession counting for something in the eyes of the law, the Italians were able to lay legal claim to a province which all the Italian maps show lies in Ethiopia.

Almost always the policy of delay is due to fundamental laziness, but sometimes it is due to the highly centralised Government. Underlings, even though charged with certain duties, do not dare take the initiative for fear his Majesty will disapprove, with the result that everything of any importance must be decided by his Majesty. It is that that explains the delay in issuing permits.

After a while Europeans who live in Ethiopia fall into the same habit of putting things off till to-morrow or next week. "I'll write that note of regrets this afternoon," says a man invited to dinner, and promptly forgets or neglects to do it. It is a lucky host that can know in advance the number of his guests, as anyone here will admit.

Ishi, nuga is so much a fundamental habit of Ethiopia that one Englishman thinks the country ought to be renamed Ishiopia. But the inhabitants will wait till to-morrow to do it.

Breath of the Emperor . . Commander of the King's Door . . Master of the Wise Men . . Chief of the Merchants . . Overlord . . Commander of the Right . . Minister of the Pen . . Well-Beloved—these are some of the resounding titles borne by Ethiopian ministers or generals.

Rich and meaningful titles, which roll easily off an Ethiopian tongue, but baffle a European's and ring strangely in his ears. They are carry-overs from the days when a man's title was supposed to reveal instead of to conceal his duties.

The Foreign Minister, for instance, is Master of the Wise Men, and his title is a relic of the days when it was openly acknowledged that ambassadors and Ministers abroad were spies, however suave.

Similarly, the Chief Justice of Ethiopia is called "Breath of the Emperor," because what he says is supposed to come directly from the Emperor. And, under Haile Selassie, it does.

The Minister of the Pen is the man who writes down the Emperor's orders; at least, he is supposed to, but, as a matter of fact, one of the Emperor's three foreign advisers or one of his "young men" does the real work.

The War Minister is Ras Mulu Getta, and the Mulu Getta means "Lord of All," or overlord. The chief of the merchants, of course, is the Minister of Commerce.

Of all the fancy titles the Emperor's are the fanciest. Haile Selassie is "chosen of God, king of kings of Ethiopia, conquering lion of the tribe of Judah."

His eldest son bears the title Merad Azmatch, or commander - in - chief under the Emperor, and is called also ruler of Shoa, which is the natal province of the present reigning house. He is Lij Asfano Wossen Tafarai.

The Emperor turned toward Europe to find a good title for his second son. He called him Duke of Harrar without bothering to find an Ethiopian equivalent, since Harrar is the Emperor's natal province and was conquered from the Egyptian dervishes by his father, great Ras Makonnen (Tafari).

All women of rank are called "woezero," or Lady, but there is no equivalent of the Franco-English madam. Boys of noble fathers bear the courtesy title of "Lij," meaning boy or child, and long after he had become and had ceased to be emperor, Lij Yasou, who was deposed in 1916, was called lij, because he was only a boy when he came to the throne.

Kings and dukes

Next highest rank under the Emperor is negus—he himself is negus negast, literally king of kings—but the title is out of use to-day because the Emperor does not wish to put bad ideas in any rival's head by elevating him to the rank of negus.

Thus each of the great provinces is ruled by a *ras*, which means head and sometimes is equivalent to king, but nowadays is better rendered by duke, for the *rases* have the same power and the same privileges as the old mediæval dukes of France, England and Germany.

Officers of the army also have resounding titles. Thus, the field commander is *turk-basha*, or field - marshal, and, curiously, the lowest non-commissioned officer is a *basha*.

In the French army the same anomaly exists, for a *marechal de logis* is a simple corporal of cavalry, whereas there is no higher title in France than "marechal de France," or marshal. In the Italian army there is a similar confusion

Turk-basha is a title rarely used, and the real work in the field is done by the *dedjazmatch*, which means "keeper of the king's door," since the dedjazmatch stands in front of the king's tent. Next to the dedjazmatch is the fitaurari, "commander of the van."

Dedjazmatch corresponds roughly to our title of lieutenant-general, fitaurari to major-general and our brigadier - general in the Ethiopian army would be a kanyazmatch, or "commander of the right," while a colonel would be a guerazmatch or "commander of the left." Captains and lieutenants would have to be content with the title of balambiras, which, according to the Ethiopian who translates for you, means either "commander of a round fort on the top of a hill" or "commander of horse."

Ethiopian politeness runs right down to the lowest rank in the army. Officers never call a man simply by his name, but say, "Mr. Eelde, you're out of step," or "Get into line there, Mr. Yasil." "Mister" in Ethiopian is "ato," but servants always use the word "getta," or master.

Since they will be very much in the news now, the Ministers might as well be introduced. They are:—

War Minister, Ras Mulu Getta.

Justice, Afa Negus (Breath of the Emperor) Atenafe.

Foreign Affairs, Blatten Getta (Master of the Wise Men) Herouy.

Keeper of the Seal, Sahafi (Writer or Minister of the Pen) Taezaz Haile.

Treasury, Begirond (Treasurer) Selassie.

Agriculture, Begirond Zallaka.

Public Works, Fitaurari (General) Tafessa (now arrested).

Lord Chamberlain, Betwadad (Well Beloved) Ashenafe.

Communications, Kanyazmatch (Brigadier-General) Tekle Morkas.

Interior, Dedjazmatch (Major-General) Gebre Marian.

Commerce, Ato (Mr.) Makonnen Habte Waldo.

Fiery element

More important than the Ministers, for they are really only the Emperor's yes-men, are the governors of the provinces or districts.

Addis Ababa is directly under the Emperor, but has its governor just the same, Kentiba Tanagatchaw.

The Crown Prince is entrusted with administering the important province of the Wallo Gallas, where the population is chiefly Mohammedan and contains the most turbulent element in the country—the nomad and barbarous Danakils. The Duke of Harrar is titular governor of Harrar, as his father was before him, but since he is only 11 years old the real work is done by Dedjazmatch Nasibu.

Dedjazmatch Hailu Selassie Gugsa helps his royal brother-in-law in defending the Danakil country against Italian attack. He married the Emperor's second daughter in 1932 and she died nine months later. He is a son of the late Ras Gugsa-Araya of Tigre, and is a royal highness.

Seven men can call themselves *ras* or duke, now that Ras Hailu—old Ras Hailu who used to buy a dozen of everything, including motor-cars, and brought a steamboat up to Lake Tsana bit by bit, but failed to get the bits together right—is in prison. They command important and rich provinces, and, who knows, perhaps some day one of them may rise in revolt, as *rases* used to do. That is unlikely, for Haile Selassie is firmly in control and shrewdly centres the real power in his hands.

These men, who as heads of provinces are both military and civil rulers, and the army commanders are the leaders who, under Haile Selassie, will fight the Italians.

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Open Letter to JOSEPH JONES

DEAR JOSEPH JONES,—The eyes of Britain will, next week, be on you when, as President of the Mine-workers' Federation of Great Britain, you meet with your colleagues in London to discuss how best you can enforce the claims of the miners for a living wage.

There is still time for the owners to meet you to discuss things, as the miners have so often asked them to do. There is still time for the Government to compel the owners to meet you. But if, by the end of next week, no agreement to meet has been arrived at, we may see the beginning of what may end in an industrial conflict that would be a national calamity.

Who could refuse your latest offer? "We will submit our present claim," you say, "to any impartial tribunal the Government cares to set up."

Now, as you know, I am with you entirely in all the claims you make. I am not saying this with an ignorance of the circumstances, although it is only a few people like yourself who know all the facts, so vast and complex are the conditions. There are also, with me, many thousands of people who wish well to all the people who work with their hands, or with their brains. But there are, unfortunately, millions of people in the country who know nothing whatever of the plight to which 750,000 miners are condemned.

There are also the many people who oppose you—ground landlords, and the owners of vast vested interests. You are fighting not only Ignorance, but Greed.

Sometimes you turn in vain to those leaders of religion who profess, on Sundays, to preach the Gospel of One Who worked for the poor and Who strove always for their betterment, but who, on Mondays, forget it all, and side with the materialists who oppose all that He taught.

There is, for instance, the Bishop of Durham, whose great cathedral, noble in its architecture, historic in its tradition, stands proudly at the top of a hill overlooking the old racecourse where, every summer, 100,000 miners meet to demonstrate their loyalty to the high principles on which their movement was based.

He is the Bishop of a diocese in which there are over 100,000 miners who, although they work always in peril of their lives in the darkness of the pit, are so ill-paid that one-third of them earn only 31s. 3d. a week! Some of them are compelled to go to the Public Assistance Committee, although they are working, so that their incomes may be brought up to those of the unemployed!

Yet this Bishop, who has declared "The miners are unfit to govern," has instructed his clergy not to side with the miners' case, because they have no knowledge of the economic facts governing the dispute. He may, or may not, have known that nearly 150 of his clergy recently listened, at Sunderland, to a long speech by John Swan, one of your colleagues, and afterwards put questions to him for one hour and a half. They know, now, much more than that Bishop does.

* * *

Yet this same Bishop is the successor of a prelate who, in 1483, drew so much from a royalty tax imposed on the coalfields that, as you told a great Labour conference at Brighton last week, "he appointed a banksman to see that he got his full share of the swag."

This was a hard thing for you to say of the Church, for, as I know, you are a Christian, a lay preacher on Sundays, a man who does not oppose organised religion, but who is a part of it.

Your protest was made on behalf of 750,000 men whose work results in the Church of England taking a rake-off of £370,000 in royalties every year. Of this, no less than £212,000 comes from the colliers in the diocese of Durham, where the poverty of the miners is worst! Does not the Bishop know?

Now you have been holding, all over the colliery areas and in some of the great towns outside, meetings every week-end, putting the case of the miners before the people. I have heard you put the case over several times. Indeed, I have shared your platform.

I have admired not only the moderation of your utterances, but the vast wisdom behind your words, the never-ending store of facts from which you quote, the modesty of your manner. You are in no sense a revolutionary, but the reverse. In your place, many of us would have turned rebel.

I urge you to see that the Mine-workers' Federation puts the case to all the people of the land. It is the conscience of the country that must be aroused

A hundred years ago children worked underground, in the darkness, for a few pence a week. They were child slaves.

Nobody took any notice. The Churches did not protest. "Respectability" passed by on the other side. But then, at last, the conscience of the nation was aroused, and Britain put to an end that monstrous slavery.

If you go on, the iniquities from which your class suffer must in the end be abolished. For, always in the end, the people of Britain do listen, although it always takes a long, long time.

When, the other day, I met Jim Griffiths, leader of the South Wales miners, he told me he had just come from a Welsh district where 15,000 men had been forced, at last, to strike, and that, speaking of it, one of the old miners merely said, "Well, anyway, it means that several of us won't be killed in the pit."

For although the people of England cry and wring their hands and pray and sing hymns when there is a Gresford disaster—in that one, 265 men were entombed for ever—they pay no attention whatever to the daily toll.

Five miners' deaths every working day! Five miners killed in the pit every day the men go down!

As I heard you say at Newport, "In five miners' homes every day, 'Good morning' means 'Good-bye.'"

At the pit-head, coal is 13s. 6d. per ton, or thereabouts. I pay, in London, 50s. a ton for coal. I am told it costs about £1 to bring the coal to London. That means that 26s. 6d. per ton goes in profit to someone.

Your demands merely mean that the men shall have 2s. a day more. And they must get it.

I don't care whether it comes out of owners' pockets. I don't care whether it comes out of the pockets of somebody else whom I don't know, but who gets some of that 200 per cent.

* * *

Coal is all-important in every one of our lives. Therefore the lives of those who dig the coal should be equally important. Indeed, they are equally important, whether people know it or not.

You are engaged in a holy crusade. You have preached sermons on Sunday, and you have joined in the hymns and the prayers. But, as I see life, the practical part of all that is doing the sort of work you do on week-days.

You have raised yourself from being the son of an obscure miner—you were, I believe, one of fourteen children all raised on a mere pittance—to a very proud position. For all the other miners have chosen you as the chief instrument by which they can be freed.

Do not be modest with your claims because they happen to be those of the class to which you belong. Nearly all the great reforms brought about in this country were brought about by simple people whose names history has forgotten.

You are doing God's work. Get on with it.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I hope you'll investigate the complaint that only about 8 per cent. of our workpeople can claim compensation for illnesses caused by their occupations.

Certainly I have often drawn attention to the fact that there are men who have contracted tuberculosis, silicosis and other diseases of the lungs in the course of their work, but who can never get a penny.

Workmen's "protection" on these lines is no protection at all.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
East Suffolk County Council

DEAR COUNCILLORS,—I am pleased that, despite the economaniacs who want to house scholars in a derelict silk factory, you have decided to spend £23,000 on a proper building.

Your medical officer says the children will be healthier. That's my idea of economy.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. DEVENISH,
Bath

DEAR MADAM,—"Bathing pools are merely a passing craze," you declare, and with others of your kind you have prevented Bath from having an open-air swimming pool on the most modern lines.

Your remark is a favourite defence of the old-fashioned. I am happy to believe that the clock will not go backwards, and that the desire for healthy recreation will increase rather than diminish.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman R. BLOWER,
Coalville, Leics

DEAR ALDERMAN,—In asserting that the tendency to-day is to get payment for serving on public bodies, you say that no work is better done than that performed voluntarily.

Do you really believe that none but the well-to-do are fit to serve the community—even in Parliament?

If so, I am glad to believe that very few people in this country will agree with you.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. G. R. BALLEINE,
St. James' Church, Bermondsey

DEAR VICAR,—Apparently some of your congregation are not above adding injury to insult. So you ask "worshippers who are kind enough to contribute buttons to the collection to bring their own and not pull them off the hassocks."

Your quiet sarcasm may lead them to see the error of their ways, but I doubt it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR NEVILLE,—Dr. Schacht is coming to London to try to raise a loan for Germany, and some of the City bankers are in favour of granting it. They see a chance of bigger interest than they would get from financing British employment.

But, like previous loans, the £100,000,000 he wants would go straight into building battleships and aeroplanes and tanks.

You have the power to ban such loans, and you should promptly make known your intentions.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR SIR JOHN,—The Edinburgh deputation that wants you to ban Sunday recreations, flying, trading and transport may appreciate the courtesy of your reply but not its significance.

For you wisely point out that Sunday observance is a matter for the individual conscience, and you might add that the British people now are less willing than ever to accept the dictation of fanatics.

JOHN BULL.

Col. W. F. COLLINS,
Knaresborough, Yorkshire

DEAR COLONEL,—Two lorries were in collision. One driver was killed, the other charged before you with lack of care.

The latter, you have decided, had gone without sufficient sleep.

So, once more, public attention is focused on the scandal I have frequently exposed. Unfortunately, the authorities are only just beginning to realise that the driver robbed of sleep is a dangerous driver.

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE WILSON,
Newcastle Miner

WILSON,—I expect you realise what a fool you were to drop your axe down the pit shaft to attract attention from the men below. For you now know that it hit a man whose skull was fractured and who might have died.

And, thinking of his suffering, you shouldn't view the £5 fine imposed on you as a hardship.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCILLORS,
Kincardine

GENTLEMEN,—The inhabitants of Laurencekirk are seriously alarmed by a scarlet fever epidemic. The place has no proper drainage or water supply—a scandal which you should have rectified long ago. But still you show no signs of doing anything.

What will make you move—a few deaths or a stern reminder of your duty from a higher authority?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. S. CANN,
Assistant-Director of Education, Swansea

DEAR SIR,—Knowing that a hungry child is seldom fastidious, I am wondering what is wrong with the free meals supplied in your schools. For, you report, some of the children refuse to eat them.

Why not examine and publish the daily bills-of-fare?

JOHN BULL.

"Jack, what type of girl do you admire?" *they asked*

I SHALL MARRY A GIRL WHO LOOKS FRESH AND NATURAL
JOAN THINKS OH DEAR, HE'LL NEVER LIKE ME WITH MY BAD SKIN
WE ALWAYS USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE IN THIS HOUSE. JOAN-ITS SO GOOD FOR THE COMPLEXION
I'D LOVE TO TRY IT
SIX MONTHS LATER
HOW KNIGHT'S CASTILE HAS IMPROVED MY SKIN! I WONDER IF JACK WILL NOTICE IT WHEN HE COMES HOME TO-MORROW
IT'S WONDERFUL TO COME HOME JOAN, AND FIND A GIRL LIKE YOU
A YEAR LATER
I ALWAYS SAID I SHOULD MARRY A GIRL WITH A LOVELY COMPLEXION

Men are all alike in this respect: they do like a girl to have a fresh, natural complexion. And that is just what Knight's Castile gives you—in spite of town air and office life. Specially made for the face, its lather acts on the skin in the same way as country air does and keeps the complexion always clear and youthful. Get a tablet of Knight's Castile to-day—it only costs fourpence—and learn the secret of a real country complexion.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

KC 168-264-65 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

FREE GIFTS for everybody

FOR BOURNVILLE COCOA COUPONS

Fashion says DUSKEE

Art. Silk Stockings are offered you in all the popular shades: New Gunmetal, Paris Nude, New Brown, Omar, Black and the very fashionable Duskee. Sizes: 9, 9½, 10. A fine gift for only 21 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 gifts, including Art. Silk Knickers, Art. Silk Vests, etc., etc.

GIFT No. 831 — 21 COUPONS

29 COUPONS

GIFT No. 770

A Stirring Gift

Six fine quality E.P.N.S. Tea Spoons—a stirring gift indeed! They are of exclusive design, and will look very handsome on your tea-table. For only 29 Bournville Cocoa coupons Cadburys will send them in an attractive box. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the full list of over 200 Gifts, including Household Utensils, Wearing Apparel, Children's Toys, etc., etc.

IT'S

If you want a reliable cycle lamp which will guide you safely on dark, busy roads, what about this one for only 45 Bournville Cocoa coupons? It is a fine quality electric cycle lamp, made by a leading British firm, and fitted with a long-life battery. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Cycle Bells, Torches, etc., etc.

45 COUPONS

GIFT No. 721

FROM 2 OZS. TO 28 LBS.!

Any good cook will tell you that accurate weight is essential if your recipes are to turn out well. Here is a Household Scale—made by a leading British manufacturer which will indicate *accurately* any weight from 2-ozs. to 28 lbs. 61 coupons from Bournville Cocoa bring it to your kitchen. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Aluminium Kettles, Bread Bins and other useful gifts.

GIFT No. 855

61 COUPONS

FOUR ½ LB. BLOCKS

WHO LIKES CHOCOLATE?

Mother likes chocolate ... so does Father ... we all like chocolate. Here you are, then. For only 22 Bournville Cocoa coupons you can have a ¼ lb. block of Cadburys Bournville Plain, a ¼ lb. block of Bournville Fruit and Nut, a ¼ lb. block of Milk and a ¼ lb. block of Nut Milk Chocolate. Save up your coupons—it's delicious chocolate A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Bournville Chocolate Biscuits, Tea Spoons, etc., etc.

GIFT No. 710 — 22 COUPONS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

5½D. PER ¼ LB. TIN

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

What the WAR means to YOU

by A. G. Gardiner

TO-DAY the fate of Europe and the white civilisation is in the balance. We look into a future as dark and inscrutable as any that the world has ever had to face.

To forecast the future is a vain task and I shall not attempt it. What we can and must attempt to do is to face the fact realistically, to be clear about the issue at stake, the goal we have in view, the policy we are pursuing, and the responsibilities to which the country is being committed in the pursuit.

The issue is not in dispute. The last war showed that war and civilisation can no longer co-exist. Modern science and discoveries have made that impossible, and to save civilisation the League of Nations was formed to organise the world on a basis of collective security. War as an instrument of policy was to be outlawed, and law, embodied in the Covenant signed at Versailles, was to govern the international relations of society.

* * *

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, in making war on Abyssinia—a fellow-member of the League—is making war on the Covenant which bears the signature both of Italy and of Abyssinia. He has defiantly mobilised his country against the Covenant. He has rejected all its pacific expedients for the avoidance of war. In his own words, he is setting out on a war of conquest "with the League, without the League or against the League."

If the League fails to take up this challenge it is dead. The cause of collective peace is dead. International law is banished and war becomes the only pre-occupation of European society. At a stride we shall be back to the Europe of 1914, with every nation feverishly arming for the next war and the Covenant a mere "scrap of paper" torn to bits in the waste-paper basket at Geneva.

That is the issue—whether Europe shall be organised for peace or for war.

What is our part in it?

Mussolini has marked us down as the most formidable enemy of his plans, and in his slavish Press has insulted and lampooned us as a nation of designing hypocrites, out for what we can get and jealous lest anybody else should lay hands on anything.

I think he is right in his estimate of our part in the business. I am proud to think that it is the leadership of this country that has roused the League to action. But he is wrong as to our motives. Our quarrel is not with Italy or Fascism or dictatorship. We dislike the latter, but that is Italy's affair, not ours.

Nor do we envy anything that she can get legally and justly. The distribution of the earth's surface is admittedly unequal, and I should rejoice to see the non-self-governing colonies transferred to the League. It would be no loss to us and a vast gain to the temper of the world. But that is beside the point.

Our quarrel with Mussolini is on the ground that, in tearing up the Covenant and making war on a fellow-member of the League, he is plunging the world back into the practice of violence for the settlement of international differences. We stand for Law and the League; he stands for war and the big battalions.

If proof of our good faith in this great matter is wanted, it is seen in the firm and united attitude of the country behind the Government. Never has a crisis found public opinion so cool, convinced and unanimous. There is, for practical purposes, no opposition. Witness the overwhelming vote of Labour at Brighton.

That being so, what are the prospects of the conflict, and what are our commitments in the matter? One thing is certain: if the League is united, determined and ready to apply all the sanctions in its power, Mussolini cannot win and war must cease.

Even the economic sanctions alone, if faithfully adhered to by every country, would paralyse Mussolini in time. But it would take time, perhaps six months. For if he is boycotted by the members of the League, financially and commercially, he will still be able, while he has money to pay on the nail, to draw on the resources of the countries outside the League—Japan, Germany, the United States, and so on. He will be crippled, and as his already alarmingly exhausted gold reserve disappears he will be brought to a standstill. He cannot pay in commodities, for all his power of production will be devoured by the Abyssinian war.

* * *

BUT let us assume that economic pressure is insufficient, that another turn of the screw by the League is necessary.

There is in the hands of the Powers a weapon that would be decisive and immediate. It is the closure of the Suez Canal.

This would not be an act of war, but it would undoubtedly bring the possibility of war a step nearer. The issue would depend on Mussolini.

In his theatrical speech at Rome on the occasion of his mobilisation last week there was one glimmer of caution. "To sanctions of an economic character," he said, "we will reply with our discipline, with our sobriety, and with our spirit of sacrifice." Which means that he would take them lying down.

"But," he went on, "to sanctions of a military character we will reply with orders of a military character. To acts of war we will reply with acts of war." Would he construe the closing of the Suez Canal into an act of war? He would have to do that or accept the defeat of his Abyssinian enterprise.

It may be that that stage will not be reached. Let us hope that it will not—that before then Italy, if not Mussolini, will have recovered her sanity and will accept, what has hitherto been refused, the just and disinterested arbitration of the League.

But we must not go into this great business without seeing our path to the goal and being resolute in treading it. We want most fervently to avoid war and must do everything possible to avoid it. But the League's authority must be established. The Covenant must be honoured. If it is not, the fabric of peace collapses. Europe is flung back into the naked barbarism of war.

* * *

THE League has struck. It must be prepared to "follow through" its stroke. It has accepted the initiative of this country with enthusiasm. It must be prepared to implement it, *at whatever cost*. If the League is loyal to itself this country will not turn back.

But we cannot sustain the League alone. All must take their share of the risks and the responsibilities. All. And most of all France. Our commitments are to the League, and if the League is faithful to itself we shall fulfil them to the uttermost.

If it is unfaithful, then the liability ends and the League will end with it. And the night of Europe will set in. And we shall have to fight for our own existence like the rest.

It is a great moment. A long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together will bring the Covenant to victory. But it must be a pull all together.

The man in the street wonders what it means to him: our quarrel is not with Italy, but with the aggressive use of arms

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

THOUGH Dr. Inge
Has had his fling
As Dean of old St. Paul's,
With right good will
He flays us still
Whene'er the spirit calls!

Although retired,
He feels inspired
Our faults to criticise;
For if he can,
That savage, Man,
He means to civilise.

With Man he may
Succeed some day,
But lo! he never will
With Woman. She's
Resolved, he sees,
To be a savage still!

The leopard does not change its spots, and the former Dismal Dean of St. Paul's, even in retirement, is filled with gloom when he contemplates his fellow-creatures. "Man," he has just told us in a radio talk, "began as an ape affected with megalomania and is now essentially the savage who fancies himself civilised."

But whether Dr. Inge thinks that man is no more civilised now that he uses an organ instead of a tom-tom in religious worship is not clear, for when he speaks of man he appears to be thinking of woman.

"Look at the fashions!" he exclaims. "The savage woman puts a ring through her nose; the civilised lady puts it through her ear. The Chinese ladies used to bind their feet; the civilised lady puts every organ of her body out of shape with high heels."

Similarly, he might have pointed out that whereas King Bungalee Boo was content with a modest necklace of shark's teeth, the modern cleric puts his Adam's apple out of shape with an absurdly high and unhealthy back-to-front collar.

Also, it would be helpful to know just what lovely woman should do to attain to a state of grace. For however women add to or subtract from their figures, the result is always wrong—perhaps because the sex is not very good at arithmetic.

"The Hottentot lady," says Dr. Inge, "prides herself on projecting portentously from behind: the post-war English girl tries to obliterate all the curves of which female beauty consists."

Our Savage Women

Queen Booria Boo was jet black
And ruled o'er the Hottentot race;
In front, and likewise at the back,
Her shape was a model of grace.

With white she encircled each eye,
With yellow she painted her hair;
Deans think of her sometimes and sigh
That ladies no longer are fair!

But still, though her charms were a kind
That clerics might heartily praise,
To her faults they could scarcely be blind:
She had some uncivilised ways.

When clergymen got on her nerves
With overmuch mission'ry zeal,
This Queen of Commendable Curves
Made signs to prepare for a meal!

Though tired of her critics so tireless,
This virtue the modern maid's got:
Where *she* merely puts off the wireless,
Queen Booria put on the pot!

JOHN ENGLAND?
JOHN ENGLAND!

Why, it is the finest club in all England

"John England have a great reputation for fair treatment in running their Clubs. To give you an instance—In your club, you have late turns and you draw for chances, don't you?"

"Yes, this time I have thirteenth turn. Just my luck when I wanted some blankets before the cold weather started."

"But with John England, **EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN.** All members get their goods delivered free to their home directly they pay their first 1/-. There is absolutely no waiting."

"My word! That's generous of them—and I have always heard their goods are so reliable."

"Reliable—I should say they are! And whatever John England supply is **AMAZING VALUE** — men's, women's and children's clothes, furniture, linen, china, crockery—everything, in fact, that you need for yourself and your home. Look at my shoes; only 10/-. Wonderful, aren't they? They are so smart and comfortable, and they have worn so well."

"If, by any chance, you are not satisfied with their goods, **THEY GUARANTEE TO REFUND YOUR MONEY** at once, if you return them within seven days."

"From what you say, and on your recommendation, I'm all for becoming a member of a John England Club right away. What do I do?"

"Do that, by all means, but why not start a club on your own? I have been a John England Club Holder for some considerable time, and I can tell you, it pays. John England are **VERY GENEROUS ABOUT COMMISSIONS.** And, another thing, you make a great many new friends by saving people so much money."

"YOU CAN START A JOHN ENGLAND CLUB WITH AS FEW AS FIVE MEMBERS IF YOU WISH. I should write to them to-day for full particulars."

- **EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN**
- **NO DRAWING FOR CHANCES**
- **NO LATE TURNS • NO WAITING**
- **FIRST CLASS QUALITY GOODS**
- **AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES**

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"Every Turn is First Turn"

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FOR FULL INFORMATION FILL IN THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS

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SHAM Bishop's Queer CHURCH

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

A STRANGE new religious leader has blossomed forth with episcopal rank; claiming all Britain as his diocese.

His names and titles are the Most Reverend Bishop Harrington, O.A., otherwise "Mar Frederic," spiritual head of the Holy Orthodox Catholic Diocese of St. George in England.

Islington is the present home of this remarkable ecclesiastic, and although his "Cathedral church"—the Oratory of St. Ignatius of Antioch—is only a converted workshop behind a rather dilapidated house in a London back street, the Bishop pretends to a proper state. For he has his own chaplain, the Very Rev. Father Francis, of Antioch, and a private secretary, a Father St. Stephen.

Something which must be near a record in the way of promotion has distinguished the religious career of the Bishop.

It is less than two years since he was ordained. Quickly he became a Very Reverend Canon, and just lately he passed through his consecration as a full diocesan bishop.

There was considerable local publicity about this grand consecration ceremony. "The first consecration since the Reformation of an Orthodox Catholic Bishop for the newly-created diocese of St. George in England," was the description in one suburban newspaper.

From that same report—which incidentally Bishop Harrington has had reprinted in leaflet form for his own purpose—I learn that:

"The Very Rev. Canon F. C. Harrington was raised to the episcopate through his consecration by the Most Reverend Mar Kwamin, Primate of the Orthodox Catholic Church in Africa, who is at present on a visit to this country before proceeding to South America to hold a visitation of the various Orthodox Catholic communities there."

And now that "Mar Frederic"—as he prefers to be called—is a fully fledged Bishop, he is actively engaged in extension work. Oratories and children's centres are to be opened in different parts of the country, with special churches for the coloured population in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol and Cardiff.

Then there is a scheme to start a training college for candidates for the priesthood.

Interesting and worthy objectives on the surface, with more to follow. "Mar Frederic" has in mind to acquire a Kentish manor house, which he intends "making into a centre where all Catholic Bishops—Eastern and Western—can meet, co-operate and exchange opinions, prevent overlappings, hatreds, etc."

With such a programme of development, affecting, as it is bound to do, a variety of individuals, the new Bishop of the Diocese of St. George in England cannot cavil at enquiry into his qualifications and good faith.

This investigation has been carried through and discloses that all his episcopal titles and dignities are bogus, and his church is unrecognised by any of the great religious movements of this country.

The "bishop's" full name is Frederic Charles Aloysius Harrington. He is really a layman, who in earlier life was associated with several business ventures of dubious reputation.

On several occasions in the past he has passed under the notice of JOHN BULL. He was chairman of the ill-fated Harrington Standard Typewriter Company which some years ago was liquidated in disastrous failure. The total deficiencies of the company amounted to more than £30,000.

A number of people invested their savings in the company in return for employment, and the failure plunged them into distress.

Later Harrington was connected with the Business Consultants' Institute in the Strand, London, as the secretary and resident consultant. This institute was established as "a professional centre for all those who practise as agents, specialists and/or consultants in all phases of business, trade, commerce and finance not hitherto organised."

As secretary, Harrington was found to be carrying on private negotiations on a commission basis, and in consequence was called on to resign.

Regarding Harrington's religious exploits, he was "ordained" as a priest by "Archbishop" Churchill Sibley, who also has been exposed in this journal.

Sibley was formerly the chancellor of the Intercollegiate University, of Fernshaw Road, London, the offshoot of a queer American university, which made a fat revenue by the sale of worthless degrees.

By payment of the requisite fees to Sibley a "student" could become a Doctor of Divinity, a Bachelor of Arts, or almost anything else he might desire.

Of course, Churchill Sibley is in no way properly entitled to call himself an "Archbishop" or to accept candidates for ordination.

So clearly Bishop Harrington's introduction to the priesthood was unfavourable. He was made a bogus reverend by a bogus archbishop.

There is another rather curious link between Harrington and Sibley. Some years ago Sibley, as an "Archbishop," issued a printed appeal to the public for no less than £15,000 with which to purchase Minster Abbey, Thanet—incorrectly supposed to be an ancient monastic establishment—and restore it to religious uses by the Order of Antioch.

A retreat

And it is this Minster Abbey (which never was an Abbey) that Harrington declares he means to make a kind of retreat for "all Catholic Bishops—Eastern and Western."

Now a little as to that picturesque coloured dignitary, Mar Kwamin, Primate of the Orthodox Catholic Church in Africa, who transformed Francis Charles Aloysius Harrington, one-time business consultant, then pseudo-priest and canon, into a mitred "bishop."

Mar Kwamin is entirely a self-styled primate. He is a British subject who hails from West Africa, coming from the Fanti tribe on the Gold Coast. He claims to have the fantastic number of 20,000,000 religious followers.

Rather strange, therefore, that not a single one of the British missionary societies working in Africa or the accepted Churches there know anything about the spiritual activities of this "Primate of the Orthodox Catholic Church in Africa."

I can reveal that the true name of Mar Kwamin is the less exciting but more human one of Ebenezer Johnson Anderson, and that his home is at Apam, in British West Africa.

Other interests

He has other interests besides that of his supposed church, for he is the registered proprietor of a business under the name of the African Church Stores, which was set up in the Spring with the following avowed objects:

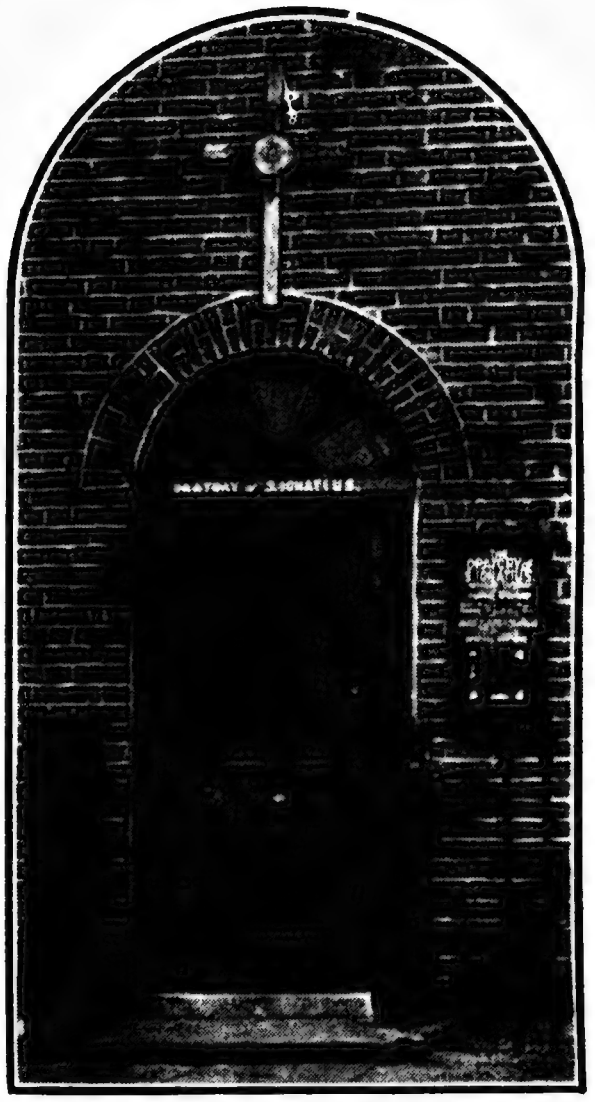
"Import of African produce and other commodities. Export of European and other foreign manufactures. Gold and other mineral concession transactors."

What Anderson, the black "Primate," is striving to do is to establish himself in the intricate and specialised occupation of an import and export selling agent as well as continuing in all his offices as "Primate."

He may well find the former more difficult than the latter, for he will be dealing with practical men.

That, then, is the man who elevated Frederic Charles Aloysius Harrington, of unhappy commercial reputation and fortune, to the spurious rank of Most Rev. Bishop Harrington of the Diocese of St. George in England.

It is in the public interest that the plain truth should be made known.



The entrance to what is the queerest "church" in England—run by "Bishop" Harrington

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Shakespeare Knew

SELFISHNESS is an unpleasant trait. It is an anti-social vice. It causes untold worry and annoyance to others. It thoroughly deserves all the scorn and contempt that is poured on it.

But selfishness can also be a mighty dangerous trait. It is not necessarily the pure white blossom that might be supposed.

"Self-love," remarked Shakespeare, "is not so vile a sin as self-forgetting": and, as in so many other instances, Shakespeare knew what he was talking about. He knew the world. He knew men and women.

The fact is that any good trait can be dangerous if carried to excess. Balance in everything is the secret of a successful life. Too much of anything is usually nauseating.

It is debatable which is the more irritating—the purely selfish man, the genuine egotist who thinks he is "it," or the purely selfless, self-effacing individual who thinks that he is pleasing everybody by being anybody's doormat.

The latter, probably, for at least your egotist is positive. You know where you have him. You can oppose and combat an assertion. You can do nothing with a colourless negative except suffer it as best you may.

Most of the trouble with the self-effacing type comes from the very mistaken belief that they are mind-readers. They somehow delude themselves into believing that they know what other people are thinking.

Why, goodness knows. There is some evidence for telepathy as a scientific fact. There is none for it being a widespread ability.

Too much humbleness, like too much pride, is just exasperating. A man should be a man and believe in himself, in his ideas and his principles. To defer to everyone on everything is about the one infallible recipe for sooner or later causing trouble.

A gentleman was once defined as "one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them": which, if you like, is another way of saying "live and let live."

Either way it's sound sense, and means that your first duty in life is to be yourself as an individual.

THE TIREDNESS THAT TORTURES PEOPLE.

NEURO-PENIA
(underfed nerves)

I USED TO JUMP IF A DOOR SLAMMED ★ I haven't always been like this. Some time ago I got over-worked and run-down — left me 'nervy.' Used to get dreadfully tired. I worried so. Jumpiness and depression took all the life out of me. No sparkle left in me by the time I got home. I was a misery to myself and everybody else.

STILL TIRED AFTER SUMMER HOLIDAY ★ Thought my summer holiday would give me life and sparkle. But it didn't! Worried sick until woman head of department called me into her office. Told me she'd suffered like me until she'd done something to end her nervous tiredness.

Neuropenia explained
After illnesses or overwork the tiny granules of Nissl that feed your nerves are all pale and shrivelled up. You feel jumpy and desperately tired. This is known as Neuropenia (or underfed nerves). Hall's Wine is specially prepared for this condition, from the formula of a well-known doctor. It pours quick new strength into your famished nerve cells within 30 seconds after taking. It has a quick strengthening effect no other tonic has.

★ ALL symptoms related above are typical of "Neuropenia" as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

I'M A NEW PERSON NOW MY TIREDNESS HAS GONE — She told me Hall's Wine was the doctor's formula to put my tiredness right. Very first wineglassful bucked me up. Took it regularly for a short time after meals. Never tired at work now. Bright and full of 'go' in the evenings.

Are You Convalescing Quickly?

After Influenza or any serious illness your nerves are weak, and you feel dreadfully tired. Hundreds of nurses and doctors take Hall's Wine to get back their strength quickly. For quick Convalescence take Hall's Wine 3 times daily after meals. Large bottle, 5/6. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Hall's Wine, send a postcard to Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3 (Proprietors also of the famous Keystone wines).

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Whether you

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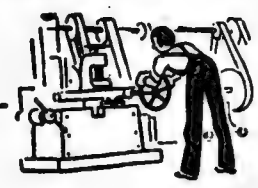
Till the soil—

Turn the wheels of industry—



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Name .....
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30 J.B. 12-10-35 Kindly write in BLOCK LETTERS.

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Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

GOOD COOKS USE BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
AND MAKE PUDDINGS FEATHER LIGHT

RUINED —and Awarded £4

Mr. Lithman, to-day a ruined man, surveys the spot where his property once stood and for which he was compelled to accept £4 compensation

HOUSEBREAKERS went to a thoroughfare called Ellen Street, off the Commercial Road, London, the other day, to carry out the worst act of land piracy in the history of the London County Council.

Following years of fruitless arbitration and desperate efforts waged to save property valued at more than £6,000, the demolition gangs were set ruthlessly to work to remove all trace of no fewer than forty-two perfectly good houses.

Though few—if any—passers-by were aware of the drama that was being enacted, the picks rose and fell about the crumbling ruins of property in which the entire life savings of a middle-aged man had been staked.

The victim of this act of injustice is Mr. Nathan Lithman, of Tachbrook Street, Victoria, S.W., who is to-day a broken and ruined man.

Left with debt

The destruction of his property is without question the most tyrannical example of victimisation to be laid at the door of the Housing Acts, through which thousands of people throughout the land have already been made to suffer unjustly.

The victim has not only irretrievably lost an investment that brought him in £10 a week in his declining years; he has been left saddled with a debt for futile repairs and renovations. His property has been confiscated and the leasehold rights of his land have been treated as a scrap of paper. From being quite comfortably off, he has now been reduced almost to destitution.

Lithman is a family man who began his working career at the age of twelve years in Shoreditch. He then worked as a cabinet-maker, and later on he set up in business on his own account.

Years' silence

In his early twenties he married a thrifty young woman, and in due course he reared five sons, one of whom gave his life during the war. A second son suffered so badly from shell-shock and exposure in Flanders that he has been an invalid ever since.

Back in the year 1919, when Nathan Lithman bought the unexpired lease of the property in question, it was in need of repair, and a programme of improvement was immediately embarked upon.

There was then no question of any intervention by the authorities; but within a month or two Mr. Lithman received formal notification that the London County Council intended to acquire the whole estate under street-widening and improvement schemes.

But years passed, and the authorities neither confirmed these proposals nor made any move to take over the forty-two houses concerned.

So Lithman went on with his own improvements, and by the year 1928 the property was in excellent condition, and he had settled down in what he thought was security.

His other three sons in the meantime had established themselves in business and were moderately successful.

It was assumed that the London County Council had abandoned its scheme to acquire the Ellen Street property — under the several Housing Acts which came into force—when the bombshell suddenly exploded.

It was intimated that the dwellings were to be acquired on a compensation basis. It was admitted that the ground rent paid by Lithman was high in comparison with the income he received, so as an act of grace, and considering this in conjunction with the fact that large sums had been expended on improvements, *the Council offered him the magnanimous sum of* £100!

This for property now valued at well over £6,000! How totally inadequate it was will be realised when we mention that Lithman had incurred a mortgage of £2,000 through his bank to pay the costs of repairs.

It was in light of this fact that the case went before the Official Arbitrator for settlement. The decision was that Mr. Lithman was *not entitled to a penny piece.*

Faced with ruin, he now approached the official valuer with an offer to demolish the properties personally, and to rebuild to the Council's complete satisfaction.

In the meantime he secured an expert opinion to the effect that the order for acquisition was quite invalid, upon which he informed the Council that he would seek an injunction in High Court.

Notice to quit

Strange to say, the London County Council did not proceed with its compulsory order, nor was Mr. Lithman permitted to set about his proposed plan to erect a block of flats.

The situation remained unchanged for another four years, except that Lithman went on to expend further large sums of money on decorations and repairs. One impartial surveyor could find nothing wrong with the houses concerned.

When Mr. Lithman next approached the Council with an offer to rebuild he was informed that he should have plans prepared.

He was again put to considerable expense, for he engaged an architect, and plans for the erection of ninety-six flats according to the latest and best designs were drawn up.

Every detail was gone into, but the London County Council finally refused to sanction the scheme and confirmed its original decision. Lithman's tenants received notice to quit, and his claim for compensation was referred back to the Official Arbitrator.

From that time forward the London County Council proceeded to draw rents from the forty-two cottages in Ellen Street and neighbourhood which Mr. Lithman had bought with his life savings. And these rents continued to swell the coffers of the Council until the last cottage was made vacant.

The work of demolition was then started, and is in progress now, while the amount to be paid Mr. Lithman by way of compensation has been finally assessed.

The L.C.C. has ignored the fact that he has spent more than £2,000 on improvements, and that his legal expenses amount to more than another £1,000. Nor has it been moved by the thought that all he possessed was at stake.

Will it be believed that the amount it has decided to award in compensation is the paltry and insignificant sum of £4—less than 2s. for each house?

Nathan Lithman has thus been left penniless in his old age, a victim of the ruthless victimisation of small landlords under the Housing Acts.

We have on a previous occasion urged that this scandal of inadequate compensation of property owners who suffer by the application of the law should be thoroughly investigated in Parliament. The amazing case we have here dealt with shows how urgently such investigation is needed.

A UNIVERSITY AT THE FIRESIDE

THE greatest and most valuable service ever planned by a national newspaper for its readers is announced on pages 6 and 7 of this week's JOHN BULL.

It is an offer by the *Daily Herald* to every reader of JOHN BULL to enjoy the world's greatest investment—to secure twelve books that will change your life!

These books, entitled "THE MODERN HOME UNIVERSITY," open up to every-one unlimited possibilities for success in life! The complete library is worth every farthing of £6 6s., yet the *Daily Herald* makes it possible for you to obtain the twelve volumes *for only a few shillings!*

Never before has the knowledge you need been presented in the form in which it is set out in these books—or so simple to assimilate and retain.

There is a new and wonderful idea behind these books. They are the family's own "University"—every bit as necessary in a home as a radio set. Over 120 eminent scholars have assisted in their compilation, and a Body of Advisory Editors, whose standing and reputation are pre-eminent, have set the final seal of authority on the whole work.

The books go straight to the heart of modern knowledge, covering over fifty essential subjects. There are more than 6,000 pages, nearly 2,300,000 words, and nearly 800 illustrations.

The volumes themselves are splendidly bound, embossed in gold, and have library panelling on the spines, and with fronts embossed in three-quarter style—a real Library Edition.

The fact that the twelve volumes can be yours, if you act without delay, for a very small outlay of only a few shillings, is a final reason why you should not hesitate one moment in making the Library yours.

Postal POULTRY *Plunderer*

THE owners of small poultry farms have many worries, not the least being the wholesale dealer who, having received goods, finds many excuses for not paying.

A reader living in South Wales has had an unfortunate experience with Mr. A. W. Hunt, of 62, St. George's Street, London, who describes himself as a "wholesale and retail egg, poultry and rabbit merchant."

This man has advertised for some time past as follows: "Wanted.—Large and small eggs. All classes of poultry."

The South Wales reader, having no doubt about the bona-fides of A. W. Hunt, sent him eighty-four hens, for which he should have received £13.

Hunt acknowledged receipt of the hens and asked for invoice, for which he would be "obliged."

On August 18 he was promising to pay for the goods in two days' time. Ten days later he was "sorry to disappoint. I am waiting to collect my accounts, which will be this week-end, and will then forward same."

This poultry and rabbit merchant forwarded nothing, and eight days later he was still sorry and disappointed—so, incidentally, was the man who sent him the hens.

He again promised to settle in three days' time, that was on September 5, but he has sent nothing but excuses.

Another smallholder at Bangor has had a similar experience. In fact, many of those who have sent goods to A. W. Hunt have found the greatest difficulty in getting payment for goods.

We can only advise readers to avoid any dealings with Hunt, except on a strictly cash basis—especially as several newspapers have banned his advertisements. He should certainly be blacklisted also by all people with poultry or eggs for sale.

Just Out!

JEAN HARLOW & WILLIAM POWELL GIFT BOOK Free!

inside every copy of the

PICTUREGOER

16 BIG PAGES

of glamorous pictures of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone in the new M-G-M success

"RECKLESS"

Below : a much reduced illustration of the cover of this week's "Picturegoer"—look out for this cover at all newsagents and bookstalls.

YET another great film event is celebrated by "The Picturegoer" just out! Given away Free inside every copy is a beautiful 16-page Jean Harlow GIFT BOOK. It contains dozens of brilliant all-photogravure pictures of JEAN HARLOW and WILLIAM POWELL a thrilling permanent record of M-G-M's absorbing new film "RECKLESS." Never has there been such a fine intimate peep into the life and studio activities of the "Blonde Bombshell."

FRANCHOT TONE and MAY ROBSON are other famous stars who appear in this fine Gift Book. And it's all made more enthralling by pages of graphic articles, how the film was made—Secrets of the Stars—the full-length story of the film, etc., etc.

"The Picturegoer" itself is again bigger value than ever: 48 PAGES . . . fascinating pictures galore . . . pages of articles and news, including: Life Story of Franchot Tone . . . Binnie Barnes tells about her Million-Dollar Offer . . . Studio Babykillers at Work . . . The Story of the Film "Little Colonel." . . .

Don't miss this great issue of "The Picturegoer." It will sell out fast. Get your copy early — twopence only as usual.

PICTUREGOER

48-PAGE ISSUE with FREE 16-PAGE GIFT BOOK—TWOPENCE AS USUAL

BLACKMAIL Gown-Salesmen

MANY thousands of happy marriages are nowadays made possible only by hire purchase, which has grown amazingly in scope and repute in recent years.

This system of "use it while you pay for it" is now established in most people's minds as a fair and square way to go about business. Realising this, a number of rascals are exploiting the fine reputation which hire purchase has acquired to wring money from newly-engaged girls and young brides by methods which come precious near to blackmail.

They operate as "wholesale dealers in dress goods," and their dupes are generally girls employed in factories or offices in London and the larger provincial cities. Perhaps the best way to illustrate their methods is to tell the story of Edna, a girl who recently "fell for" their racket very completely.

Edna was twenty. She worked in a factory engaged in monotonous repetitive work on one part of a small electrical appliance. If she worked hard she earned about 30s. a week.

Edna was in love with a young man who worked in the cashier's department of a small department store. His family was the better off of the two, and Edna, anxious to be "presentable" to them, wanted new clothes.

"A godsend"

She was discussing the problem with friends during the dinner hour at the factory. "I know a man who can help you," said one of them. "He's been a godsend to me. He's in the wholesale dress business. But he'll let you have a dress—or anything you want—on the 'never-never.' It'll only cost you about a shilling or two a week."

In a day or two Edna had a fine new outfit. It looked very smart indeed. She was too excited to notice its shoddy quality, and the man who let her have it "just as a favour" was so understanding and nice. He hadn't a shop. He told her he was a traveller for a big firm, but he could always get anything she wanted, and let her have it on the instalment system. It was a pleasure to him.

In spite of the pleasure he seemed very business-like. Edna had to sign an agreement, which she didn't trouble to read—it was only a matter of 2s. a week, after all. And, curiously enough, the girl at the factory who had introduced her to her new friend said that she would collect the instalments, and enter them on a card which she gave to Edna. It seemed that one or two other girls at the factory were also buying clothes in the same way.

Of course, this one outfit was not enough. Edna needed a lot of things before her wedding. Some she bought for cash; but a great many more were provided in the same obliging way, till the instalments crept up and up.

And so, when she came back from her honeymoon with Robert, she found herself faced with the prospect of having to pay 16s. a week for a year.

Frightened

She dared not tell Robert. Her mother knew and tried to help, but that was not enough. And now the obliging man grew very unpleasant. Whenever Edna was behindhand in her payments—which was more often than not—he threatened to come round and see Robert "to get the whole thing straightened up." "Your husband is responsible for your debts!" he declared. "I'll make him pay."

This was quite untrue, because the debts were contracted before marriage. But Edna didn't know that; she was just frightened.

So Edna borrowed from all her friends; she scraped every penny of the housekeeping she could; she pawned some of her wedding presents—and Robert found the pawn-tickets.

They nearly separated. Robert "simply could not understand such deceitfulness. Why had she concealed it all from him?" The quarrel went on for days. Then Robert went to the bank, withdrew quite a number of hardly saved pounds and paid the man off.

Some cases have a much more disastrous ending. When their victim seems more than usually guileless, and starts to fall behind with her instalments, as they are always careful to see she shall do, these fellows introduce her to a confederate who acts as an unlicensed money-lender. The old "penny in the shilling a week" rate of interest is charged, which works out at 442 per cent. per annum, and is, of course, utterly extortionate and illegal. But it looks fair enough to a nervous girl anxious, at any price almost, to get rid of the man who calls at her home worrying for his instalments while her husband or parents don't even know she owes them.

Of course, if their victims had the courage to ask a magistrate's advice these rogues would be soon put out of business. Most of their transactions are carried on with minors. But the girls do not know that a person under twenty-one cannot sign a binding contract or promissory note on her own behalf—and their simplicity is exploited to the utmost extent.

Some lonely girls have even been driven to theft or to immoral lives by the seeming necessity of finding the instalments. Their pitiable stories are told to magistrates and police court missionaries almost every week. And, here, the most sinister side of this whole unsavoury business is revealed. In such cases as these the "gown salesman" with his nice flat and his little car comes precious near acting as a white-slave agent.

Once a girl embarks on an immoral life to pay off her indebtness to the "gown salesman" she quickly realises that she must provide herself with flashily smart clothes. Head over ears in debt, she can only hope to obtain them on credit from the man to whom she already owes so much. Up to a point he is ready to oblige. And the debt drags on and on. He will never allow his victim to escape his clutches if he can. He prefers to keep his car going on the immoral earnings of his "customers."

The girl about to marry is persuaded to buy on "easy" terms—they prove to be most difficult ones

Another way of treating "customers" who "get into arrears" to is force them to act as touts at the place where they are employed. In this way they are allowed to earn a small commission which keeps their instalments from mounting up.

But even here they are terrorised. If they do not produce enough "results" they are threatened that some other girl is going to replace them, or that their employer will be told that they only work for him in order to be able to act as a dressmaker's tout. Naturally the fulfilment of this last threat would mean loss of employment in many cases.

What can be done to stop this petty blackmail and deceit? Very little, unfortunately, except to give the racket as much publicity as possible.

Obviously the police can very seldom hope to prosecute. The girls themselves are afraid of the publicity of police-court proceedings. So are their parents.

Any girl who becomes involved with one of these "gown salesmen," however, should at once seek advice from some experienced person, like a clergyman or police court missionary. Generally she will find that her position is not nearly so bad as she has been frightened into believing, and that her creditor, knowing that his bargain with her can seldom be upheld in law, will be ready to accept a compromise proposed to him on her behalf.

A little courage and publicity would go a long way towards breaking up the racket of the "gown salesman."

The Undying Fire

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

A FEW days ago I had a conversation with a man I greatly respect. He wanted my opinion of something he had just been reading in a book on Communism.

It was to the effect that Communism was attracting some of the best young minds of the day, even among the rich, because it appealed to generous instincts, its aim being to substitute the motive of sharing for that of grabbing.

Commercialism, said the writer, as practised on a big scale in the modern world had made much misery because it put self-interest in the forefront of human action. Communism did just the opposite: it subordinated self-interest to all-interest, the promotion of the good of the whole social order.

My friend said he felt indignant about this statement. Judging by the violence and bloodshed wherewith Communism had sought to put its ideals into practice in various parts of the world, he thought the above was not a fair description of it and that such influence as it possessed over the minds of the young was therefore not for good but for evil.

He confessed that he was unable to understand the ardent enthusiasm exhibited by multitudes of young people of both sexes for theories of government which meant the crushing out of individuality.

Communism, he continued, was only one of these sinister theories and perhaps not the worst. Nazism and Fascism he considered to be equally dangerous in their moral effect on the youthful mind. And we were confronted with the appalling fact that millions of the rising generation in Germany and Italy would fanatically follow leaders who made no secret of their determination to secure their ends by wholesale murder if they could not do so by other means.

"It looks as if the young people of the age had lost their moral vision," was his final word. "Is humanity doomed to destroy itself?"

I could not share my friend's fears, though I believe he was right in condemning the cult of violence which is being so widely advocated to-day. But I am confident that humanity cannot go permanently wrong, however much it may blunder. There is a flame that burns and glows in the human heart and which nothing can ever put out. It is the flame of idealism.

The young people of our time, despite all that one hears to their disadvantage, have that flame burning brightly within them. They are in search of a way of living to which they can give themselves wholeheartedly and which promises them nothing that others cannot equally enjoy.

This is why they respond to leadership which makes big demands upon them instead of offering them an easy time. They will make plenty of mistakes about the quality of the leadership, but it is because of the idealism in it that they respond to it at all.

There is no reason to despair of the future. The good in human nature is stronger than the evil, and in every generation something new comes to the world which calls for self-sacrifice and never fails to find it. It gets mixed up with lower passions and meaner motives, but it cannot utterly fail for it carries the light of idealism within it.

It is a lamp lit by the finger of God.

WATCH THE WINDOWS

SHOPKEEPERS all over the country are eagerly discussing the world's record prize of £1,000 offered in JOHN BULL's National Window Display Contest, open between now and the end of the year. This, and over 1,000 cash and other awards are waiting to be won. Any retail trader who has not already applied should send in the form on page 31.

To readers on the public's side of the counter, too, JOHN BULL offers the opportunity to take part in a fascinating contest in connection with these displays.

A prize of £100 cash will be paid to the sender of the best advertising slogan of not more than twelve words relating to any product featured in a display marked with the JOHN BULL window display Contest Sign (illustrated on page 31).

Entry Forms can only be obtained at shops where you see the JOHN BULL Sign between now and December 31. In addition, selected slogans will be published each week in JOHN BULL, and the sender of each will receive £1.

The following two slogans have been selected for these awards for the week ending Friday, October 4.

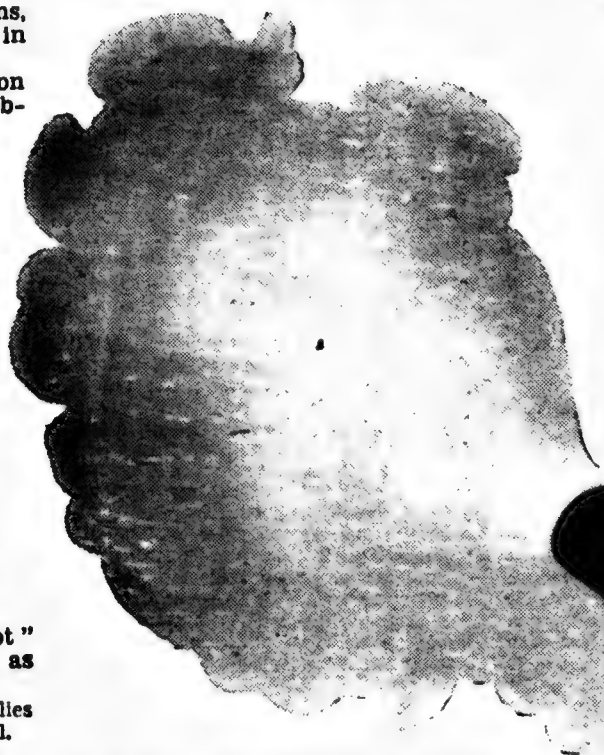
EVE SOAP—"*Don't leave without Eve.*" Mr. J. Buttle, 6, Peter Street, Pocklington.

GUINNESS—"*It's good it's good for you.*" Miss A. Kent, 50, Lady Somerset Road, Tufnell Park, N.W.

Further slogans will appear next week.

THE BIG to SILEN the BIG G

The world will always be under the menacing shadow of the big guns while it is divided into "have" nations and "have-not" nations. Here is explained an economic plan which, it is claimed, might well make for enduring peace if the nations of the world will unite and help it work



"IF the nations pooled their raw materials and shared out the markets of the world equitably the underlying cause of war would vanish." . . .

This proposition, advanced by Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Trades Union leader, in JOHN BULL recently, is catching the attention of the nation. It was underlined by the Labour Party Conference at Brighton, which called on the British Government to—

"urge the League [of Nations] to summon a World Economic Conference and to place on its agenda international control of the sources and supply of raw materials, with the application of the principle of economic equality of opportunity for all nations in the undeveloped regions of the earth."

That sounds rather a mouthful—but Conference resolutions generally are like that If you read it again, you will find that there is a great deal of sound sense in the idea.

It is significant that it has now become part of the official policy of Labour, and that Sir Samuel Hoare, at Geneva, and Mr. Baldwin have also thrown out hints in the same direction, indicating that Britain must get ready to share some of her colonial wealth and opportunity with less fortunate nations.

In fact, this whole question is obviously looming up pretty big on the horizon of world politics. So let us try to see how practical the idea behind Mr. Bevin's article and the Labour Party resolution may be.

Of the seven "Great Powers," three—Britain, the United States and Russia—are the "haves"; while four—France, Germany, Italy and Japan—are the "have-nots."

Navy's task

The British Empire gives this country the control of more varied raw materials than any other Power—so long as the British Navy can keep the trade routes of the world open to our shipping.

The United States comes a close second to Britain, however, in wealth of raw materials. Russia is probably even richer than the United States in many respects; but no information is published. Moscow does not tell the world—perhaps Moscow does not even know the truth about Russia's unexploited resources.

France, Germany, Italy and Japan, on the other hand, all rely on foreign supplies of raw materials. No one of these Powers, or alliance of them, could carry on a war for more than a few months if Britain and the United States jointly refused them raw materials.

This fact, of course, in the present Abyssinian crisis, is the main thesis of those who say that economic sanctions, properly applied, can control Mussolini without any possible resource to military sanctions.

Broadly speaking, there are about twenty essential raw materials without which an industrial nation cannot live. Substitutes, perhaps, can replace a few of them for a short period. But the feasibility of such substitutes is limited, as Germany discovered in the Great War. The British blockade, depriving her of essential supplies, more than any other single cause, brought about her defeat. Here are the twenty-odd essentials in alphabetical order:

Aluminium	Mica
Antimony	Molybdenum
Cadmium	Nickel
Chromium	Petrol Oils
Coal	Platinum
Copper	Quicksilver
Cotton	Rubber
Fluorspar	Sulphur
Graphite	Tin
Iron and Steel Ores	Tungsten
Lead	Wool
Magnesium	Zinc

Most of these are quite familiar in every-day life. Of the rest cadmium, antimony, molybdenum and tungsten are metals, fairly small quantities of which are absolutely necessary to the metal and electrical industries.

Besides these there are, of course, minor necessities like quinine (on which the Dutch exercise a world stranglehold) and other drugs; also essential foods like sugar, wheat and meat, which some countries produce in abundance, but which Britain herself must import from Empire or foreign sources.

Of the twenty-five prime necessaries, the British Empire produces abundant supplies of eighteen, some supplies of one, and no supplies of six.

For the United States the figures are twelve, two and eleven. So far as is known, the Russian figures are seven, three and fourteen.

Reason for it

Considered together, Britain and the United States are complementary. What we lack, they have, and vice versa. Acting in co-operation, the two countries control all available vital raw materials.

The fate of all other nations, except, perhaps, Russia, could be in their hands.

At a pinch, Britain must rely on foreign sources for antimony, molybdenum, petrol, quicksilver and platinum, which can largely be supplied by the United States after satisfying the home demand in America.

The United States, on the other hand, is principally deficient in sources of manganese, nickel, rubber, and tin, all of which the British Empire can supply abundantly. America also produces little or no platinum and mercury; so that only these two metals lie outside the joint resources of the two great English-speaking commonwealths.

Together, Britain and the United States control 75 per cent. of the world's minerals, while they account for 60 per cent. of all industrial output.

Here is how the "have-not" Powers stand in comparison as sources of raw materials—

	Good supplies.	Bad supplies.	No supplies at all.
France ..	4	2	19
Germany	4	2	19
Italy	4	0	21
Japan ..	3	5	17

Now you can understand why Italy is so vehement for expansion in Abyssinia, why Germany will never rest until she regains a colonial empire, why Japan is over-running Manchukuo with its undeveloped mineral riches.

Assets exploited

Even in combination the "have-not" nations exercise no sort of control over adequate supplies of antimony, copper (except for Japan), lead, magnesium, fluorspar, nickel, petrol oils, rubber, tin and tungsten.

Japan, of course, is making frantic efforts in Manchukuo to escape from this position of dependence. Her newly conquered provinces are being ransacked by an exhaustive mineral survey, and every potential asset utilised. Exactly what the value of the finds there may be is not known. But it is certain that Japan is growing stronger all the time in her control of vital raw materials. Before very long she will certainly be the strongest "have-not" Power.

Japanese experiment and energy are endless. They are now experimenting with sheep farming in Manchukuo to escape their present dependence on Australian wool.

China, proper, has not been properly surveyed for minerals, but it is widely believed that great coal measures lie unmined there. This explains why Japan is always pushing a little further forward into China, nibbling at Chinese territory obviously unsatisfied until the whole vast nation is subjugated to Japanese control.

The urgent passion for expansion on the part of Japan, Germany and Italy, each with a rapidly growing population, each governed by a despotism, is the obvious danger to the peace of the world.

France, at present, does not join in this scramble for raw materials. France is still a democracy, her population is almost stationary, and she still finds elbow room in her great African possessions which cover 4,265,000 square miles—compared with her own area of 212,000 square miles. This state of affairs cannot, however, be expected to last. The lamentable advent of a Fascist Government to power in Paris, for instance, might turn France into just as hungry a "have-not" Power as Italy or Japan. Potentially, she must be classed with them.

Although Germany has not yet made any official declaration that she demands back the colonial empire taken from her after the Great War, no one would be in the least surprised if Hitler confronted the world with such a demand tomorrow.

The subject of colonies actually divides the Nazi Party. Some of the most influential of its chiefs are insistent that the colonies must be won back at any cost. They con-

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sider colonies vital for emigration, as potential protected markets for German industries and as sources of raw materials.

The other view, equally vehemently held, is that Germany's destiny is to "expand towards the East," towards Russia.

It is possible that, under wise statesmanship, Germany might realise the return of her colonies. It is quite obvious that to "expand" eastwards means a war in Europe.

This whole Nazi drive, whichever direction it may take, is fundamentally inspired by a search for raw materials. Even now, in peace time, rioting has lately taken place in German towns because no butter is available. There is talk of rationing all fats through the coming winter. Clothes made of real wool are a tremendous luxury; most folk must wear "ersatz" cloth—made of "synthetic wool" or shoddy.

All this because Germany cannot afford to buy the raw materials she needs, because she has no adequate supplies of her own. If she had, half the Nazi vehemence would vanish, its energy consumed by the renewed activity of stagnant industries.

And the three restless, aggressive "have-not" Powers are searching for markets as well as raw materials.

They bitterly resent the fact that high tariff walls keep them out of the United States market. They even more dislike the new protective policy adopted by Britain as a result of the Ottawa Conference.

They must buy raw materials from all parts of the British Empire. Yet they cannot pay for them by selling their goods to British dominions and colonies in exchange, because tariff barriers and a growing policy of economic nationalism prevent the free flow of commodities.

So the "have-not" nations feel that Britain exercises an economic stranglehold over one-quarter of the world's population and one-sixth of the earth's surface. Their own rapidly increasing populations need outlets, while Canada, Australia and New Zealand lie almost empty and scarcely developed.

Envious eyes

Plenty and prosperity could be organised, they feel, if these teeming industrious millions and these empty spaces with their vast potential supplies of raw materials were only brought into a sane economic relationship with one another.

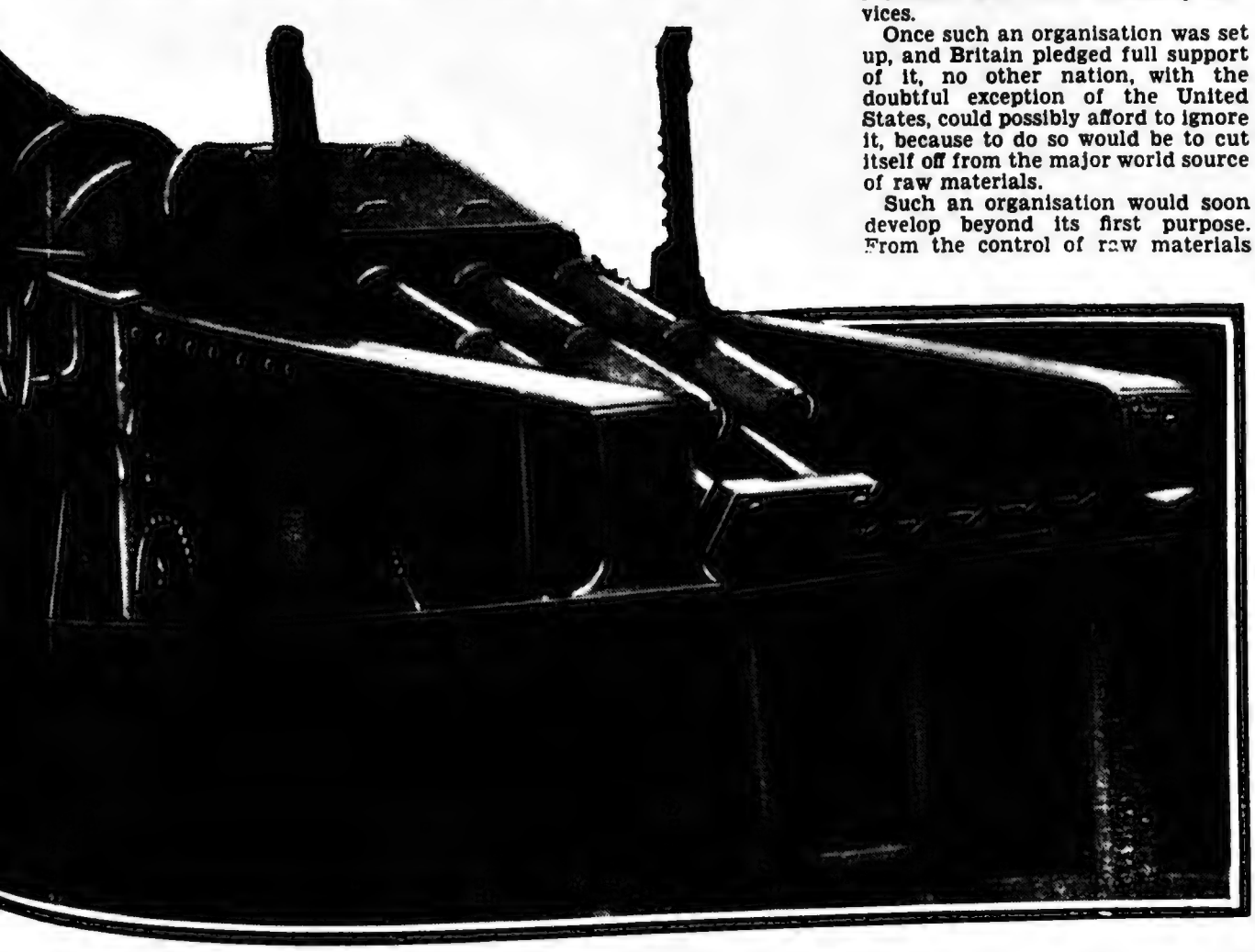
At present the "have-not" nations only cast envious eyes at the jealously guarded wealth of Britain and America, while they agitate and, if necessary, prepare to go to war to obtain a monopoly for themselves in the, as yet, unclaimed parts of the earth.

This is the real reason behind Japan's adventures in China; this is the urge which drives Mussolini on to terrible dangers in East Africa; this is the ferment behind Nazi aggression and re-armament in Germany.

Possibly this is the fundamental cause for the decay of democracy and the growth of rabid dictatorship in those three unhappy countries.

How can the British Empire give a lead to the world in sharing out its abundance of raw materials and markets in such a way that the hunger of the "have-nots" shall be satisfied, and therefore the peace of the world restored?

Two main solutions of this question have been put forward. Either of them could be worked if—and it is a very big IF—the British Commonwealth of Nations can acquire the breadth of vision and unselfishness to take the first step.



Geneva, H.Q.

During the Great War, shortage of supplies caused the formation of an Imperial Mineral Resources Bureau, which was organised by Dr. Christopher Addison in 1917. In that year the Imperial Conference declared that this Bureau "should be charged with the duties of collection of information . . . regarding the mineral resources and metal requirements of the Empire, and of advising from time to time what action, if any, may appear desirable to enable such resources to be developed, so as to meet the metal requirements of the Empire."

Here is an embryo idea which could obviously be taken over by the League of Nations, substituting "the world" for "the Empire."

Each nation would contribute its own quota of raw materials, and also make its demands upon the raw materials of other nations. The whole business of exchange and finance could be organised smoothly and efficiently by a central world organisation working under League auspices at Geneva.

Even transport could be equitably arranged there, so that each nation obtained a fair share of the shipping, insurance and other necessary services.

Once such an organisation was set up, and Britain pledged full support of it, no other nation, with the doubtful exception of the United States, could possibly afford to ignore it, because to do so would be to cut itself off from the major world source of raw materials.

Such an organisation would soon develop beyond its first purpose. From the control of raw materials to the co-ordination of the manufactures which use them is an obvious step. Once the distribution of copper to the various industrial nations which use it was organised on a world basis, the question of dumping and subsidised competition between exports manufactured from the copper would naturally be considered.

Through its control of raw copper, for example, the League Bureau could very easily dissuade a nation which intended to dump electrical apparatus at prices lower than cost all over the world.

Such acts of "economic aggression" could be promptly controlled. And so the fierce competitions of unregulated commerce might be checked. This, in itself, would lead to better relations between nations. Who cannot recall a friend or a firm who has been ruined since 1918 by dumped imports, exclusive tariff barriers or ruinous Government subsidies applied to foster trades which could not exist on their own earnings?

Obviously, too, if the League controlled raw materials in this way, economic sanctions, of a swift and devastating kind, could be organised in future against any aggressor. The whole idea of military sanctions might even recede from world politics altogether.

This scheme, however, is a gigantic and bold conception. So far removed is it from the rabid economic nationalism of the present day that many economists consider it hopelessly impractical as a first step.

Prices, too

They prefer to work towards its realisation through the extension of such schemes as the present international arrangements which control the production of tin and rubber.

Rubber production is at present regulated by an agreement binding France, Britain, Holland, India and Siam—and all the colonial dependencies of the first three Governments. It, therefore, covers a fair proportion of the world; and, though it only controls *production*, its underlying idea could plainly be extended to embrace distribution, manufacture, and even prices.

Could not the same idea be applied to all raw materials, with separate international agreements and committees controlling the production and consumption of each?

Such schemes would not be so satisfactory or smooth-working as one great world clearing-house under the League. But, by patient negotiation and hard work, such a network of agreements might be arrived at even against tariff barriers and national jealousies.

Up to Britain

Once such a network was functioning, even in respect of a dozen of the major raw materials, it is held that the obvious advantages of centralising and unifying the whole system under the League would be so cogent that the thing would, in time, happen almost automatically.

But will Britain take the initiative in either direction?

There are signs, mentioned above, that she may do so. Labour has declared for some such system. The Premier and the Foreign Secretary have hinted at its desirability.

With vision and unselfishness, we may see a British Government of the near future take the first step by asking the League to summon the world to discuss the matter.

Such an invitation would be welcomed by most nations; it could be ignored by none. It would be the greatest step towards enduring Peace on Earth taken since the formation of the League of Nations.

COCOA IMPROVED!

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HERE'S news! For years you've known how enjoyable and nourishing cocoa is.

Now, after four years' research work with a great London hospital, Rowntree's have discovered a pre-digestion process that makes cocoa better than ever! Without adding or taking anything away, this discovery makes Rowntree's Cocoa more nourishing than ordinary cocoa — more body-strengthening — better for digestion than any cocoa ever made before. With Rowntree's your family gets more good from their meals. No change in price.

FAMOUS SCIENTIST EXPLAINS

This newly discovered pre-digestion process makes Rowntree's Cocoa better in these five ways:

1. *Rowntree's Cocoa digests more easily than ordinary cocoa.*
2. *Helps your stomach to digest meals better.*
3. *Is more strengthening for certain vital parts of the body than ordinary cocoa.*
4. *Makes even milk twice as digestible.*
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FREE: Model Speedboat!

Only one of hundreds of valuable Free Gifts to be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa Coupons. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CF3, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet. Gift Coupons in every tin.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

HELPS DIGESTION

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES

Jack burst into the room as Mr. Smith let go of me . . .

☆ STAGE ☆ STRUCK

But Never Again!

"PLEASE yourself, young woman," said my father, losing patience. "You're nineteen and I can't *prevent* you from going on the stage. But, if you *do* leave home, don't think of coming back. I've warned you."

Dad was a good sort, but that kind of warning is apt to be taken as a challenge by an independent girl. I took it as a challenge myself just at the time when I was utterly stage-struck and completely "fed up" with ordinary home life.

A girl isn't necessarily conceited because she knows that she is good-looking. At nineteen my mirror showed me big blue eyes and a wealth of flaxen hair permanently waved at the ruinous sacrifice of my small dress allowance. And my figure was good. There was more than one boy in Newcastle eager to console me if I showed any signs of "inferiority complex." I don't think I did. I was very sure of myself in those days and I found the steady devotion of Jack, most persistent of all the "boy friends," a trifle monotonous rather than encouraging.

For Jack shared the family's view about the stage as a career for young women in general and myself in particular.

"If it comes to looks, darling," said he, "I should say you could knock spots off Jean Harlow and wipe the floor with Greta Garbo. But singing and dancing and all that is rather different. I mean to say . . ."

★ I KNEW very well what he meant to say and I was wild.

My parents never had anything to do with the theatre, but I have two or three relatives on the stage and I thought I took after them. At all events I had been spending all my savings on lessons in dancing and voice production and I had just given Jack a private performance. And that's what he said!

We quarrelled, or, at least, I did. And I was thoroughly sulky at home. Father suggested that I might do well in an office or a shop. Mother said: "Don't keep worrying her, dad! Give her a little time to make up her mind."

Without saying a word to anybody at home, I began to call on all the local variety and theatrical agents. They must have grown sick of the sight of me, for I simply haunted their offices. My name was on the books of almost every agency in Newcastle and Sunderland.

At last one agent in a cubby hole of an office told me that he thought he could offer me a "shop."

He was a wizened little man whose fingers were yellow with tobacco stains and he had a trick of tapping tunes on his prominent teeth.

"'Look here, m'dear," he said lugubriously, "there's a revue opening near Durham next Monday. They want a few girls and they can't pay 'em much. Chap who's running it is an old 'pro.' I might get you into *that* if you're still so dead keen. But if you were my own daughter I'd lock you in your room and keep you on bread and water first. I've warned you, mind!"

Well, they were *all* warning me! I was sick of warnings. I told the agent so, and I said I meant to join the chorus of that revue.

"O.K.!" he said, tapping his teeth once more, "Come along to-morrow and the manager will maybe give you an audition and sign you up. Or not. I hope not."

There are, you see, some honest agents. This one looked hard up and no doubt wanted any commission, however small. But I certainly can't blame him for what followed. I went to the audition and tried not to blush when the old "pro" told me to pull my skirts up a bit. I wasn't ashamed of my legs and apparently they passed muster. He engaged me there and then at a salary of 45s. a week. I left the office in a whirl of excitement, confident that I should be a star in next to no time.

I won't say much about the revue itself. It was no better, but, perhaps, not much worse than hundreds of other third-rate touring shows that have been put on the road with lots of optimism and taken off without any funeral notice. The "proprietors" were the old "pro" and his wife, who had probably been a useful performer herself once upon a time. In addition to owning and managing and producing, these two were also the chief players.

There were a dozen of us in the chorus, several inexperienced like myself and two or three who must have been fully experienced when I was in the cradle.

"Any show's better than no show, darling," said Flora, one of the old hands to me before the "company" was complete, "and Pa and Ma have got hearts of gold, even if they haven't got much in their pockets."

And so on the Sunday I joined the rest of the crowd on the railway station and we set off for the small town in County Durham, where we opened on the Monday evening. I didn't say goodbye to anybody. In fact, I had run away from home.

That was the beginning of the unhappiest months of my life. I don't suppose other stage-struck girls are likely to believe me. They will say, quite truly, that my experience was very limited and that they might be luckier. Also, to be honest, I did have a lot of fun during the first few weeks. It was all new, you see, and being on the stage at all was frightfully thrilling. But the novelty soon wore off and I was deadly sick of rehearsals long before the boss and the old hands had drilled the rest of us into some sort of efficiency.

Week by week we moved on from one shabby theatrical lodging to another. Never once during the tour was the "business" good enough to meet the full salary bill. We were always paid short and often we had to pay the landladies short in consequence. Some of them were philosophic about it and some of them most unpleasant. I shared digs with Flora, and she was simply marvellous when it came to handling an indignant "Ma." One of them, I remember, swore at her like a fishwife for ten solid minutes and ended up by cutting us some sandwiches to eat in the train. I could have kissed the old dear for that!

We were lucky in one way because the boss and his wife were at least honest in their intentions. They paid out what money there was as fairly as they could, but it simply wasn't enough. And they were very careful indeed about the company's "morals," and young fellows with money who hung about the stage door were "told off" in the plainest words.

★ WE almost wished they hadn't been quite so careful. "I wouldn't mind risking a date with Don What's-his-name himself," said Flora one evening, "if I could be certain of supper and a bottle of fizz before he started to get fresh!"

I laughed at her then, but the truth is that a supper invitation is a temptation to any girl in a third-rate touring company. Nobody knows what touring means until they've tried to live on 45s. a week and actually been paid much less.

The show dragged on for sixteen weeks, 'though we only played during eleven

(Continued on page 28)

The Perfect Skin

The perfect skin—flawless and smooth as silk—can be attained only if you use a pure soap. Pears Soap is so pure that you can see through it. Pears gives a smooth, fine lather which penetrates deeply, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the skin delightfully refreshed. Pears has a wonderful tonic action which brings a rich natural bloom to your complexion. One cake will prove to you that Pears is indeed a real beauty soap. And now it costs only 4½d. a cake.

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For a good lather and a comfortable shave use Pears Jif Stick or Cream FOR SHAVING 6D

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says Mrs. Fifty Five

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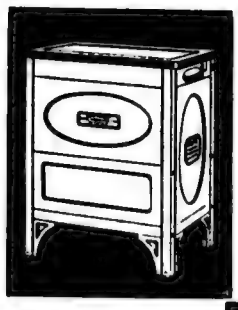

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Cantilever pressure enables it to take blankets as easily as bibs.

Rust-proofed pressed steel construction finished in non-chipping enamel.

Takes any size of dolly tub, zinc or enamel bath or Nesta tubs.

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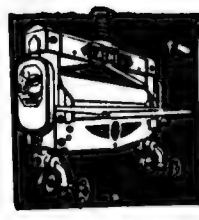

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CVS-43

WHAT SUSIE LEARNT ON A VISIT TO AUNT MEG
I'M SO GLAD TO BE HOME AGAIN, MUMMIE
YOU DO LOOK WELL, DUCKIE!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FROCK? IT LOOKS NEWER
AUNTIE WASHED IT AND I HELPED. I KNOW ALL ABOUT WASHING CLOTHES NOW
TELL ME HOW YOU DO IT THEN
JUST SPRINKLE OXYDOL INTO THE WATER, AND ITS LOVELY SUDS SOAK THE DIRT OUT WHILE YOU PLAY IN THE GARDEN
DOES AUNTIE USE OXYDOL FOR BOILING AS WELL AS SOAKING?
OH YES, AND FOR WASHING-UP AND ALL THAT. SHE SAYS IT KEEPS HER HANDS NICE
NEXT MONDAY
SEE, SUSIE, I'VE USED YOUR OXYDOL. HASN'T IT MADE MY WHITES BEAUTIFUL? AND SEE HOW PRETTY YOUR PRINT FROCK IS
AND IT'S ONLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK. LETS DO THE SHOPPING

Now Mummie uses Oxydol for washing-up and all her household cleaning—and she finds her hands are smooth and nice. You too, will find that Oxydol goes farther in the weekly wash because it is the wonderful new washing discovery that gives a bigger tub of richer suds. *Wonderful* suds for soaking *or* boiling—and no messy mixing. Just sprinkle Oxydol straight into the water. Your white things are dazzling, your colcureds much brighter. Big 3½d. packet and new giant 6d. size.

OXYDOL

GIVES A BIGGER TUB OF SUDS

Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

STAGE STRUCK—*continued from page 26*

Behind LOCKED DOORS

of them. The final crash came one Thursday in a small Midland town. We arrived at the theatre as usual, only to find the boss and his wife in despair. The scenery and costumes, all obtained on credit, had just been seized by the owners, and that was that. The show was over and the owners were broke.

Flora took the news very calmly. "I've got a sister who keeps a boarding-house," she said, "and I go to her when I'm out of a shop. How about you, dearie? Have you got enough to get home?"

I had just enough to pay the landlady at the end of the week, but I wouldn't borrow from Flora. She packed up and left that same evening, and after she had gone I couldn't keep back the tears. The fact was I was afraid to go home. Some weeks before on the platform at York I had met an old friend. She told me that my father knew what I was doing because the agent had told him I didn't say I hadn't written and that I hadn't heard from home at all. I thought dad was sticking to his threat and that he wouldn't have me back. Actually, of course, he was just waiting for me to "learn sense."

★ THE next day I confided in the landlady and she began by scolding me and finished by offering to lend me my fare home. I weakened and said that I should have to write first. But there was a young fellow stopping in the same house who was rather eager to be friends, and he took me out to lunch. When I told him the plight I was in, he wouldn't hear of my "quitting."

"You wait until your people write to you," he said. "Meanwhile, I can give you a sort of job—a bit of acting, too, in a way, though it's not the stage."

I rather liked Peter then, and I can't entirely dislike him even now. He was a quack doctor working the markets, and he posed as an "educated Red Indian." The public seemed quite ready to swallow his tale as well as his pills, and the idea was for me to stand beside him dressed in nurse's uniform and to hand out the pill boxes as he sold them.

Peter paid for my board and lodging and gave me a few shillings pocket money. The landlady disapproved of him intensely, but he was a cheerful fellow, even if he was a rogue. Unfortunately, he came home very drunk one night and tried to break open my bedroom door. "Ma" heard him and turned him out of the house bag and baggage.

Meanwhile, however, another "Good Samaritan" had turned up at the house. He was the musical director of the show which had followed ours at the local theatre, a little greyish man of about fifty, who said he took a paternal interest in me.

This Mr. Smith (though that wasn't his real name) sat down at the piano and made me sing a popular song number to his accompaniment. He said I had a remarkable soprano voice which only needed developing. He was sure he could train me within a few weeks and then he would let the boss hear me and I should get a job with the show.

"Yes," I said doubtfully, "but how am I to live meanwhile?"

"Oh, that's all right," he laughed. "leave it to me. I'll look after you."

Now, although I wasn't afraid of Peter, I was definitely afraid of Mr. Bob Smith. Also I had learned a lot during my short stage career. I knew, for instance, that whatever he might say, my singing voice was just ordinary and would never be anything else. Still, I thought it would be good enough for chorus work on tour and I hadn't quite lost hope of a stage success.

And so at last I agreed to go with Mr. Smith to the next town where his show was playing, a place in the West of England more than 200 miles from Newcastle. We started on the Sunday as usual, but not with the rest of the company. He said he didn't want to introduce me to the others until later on and, although there were other people in the carriage, his manner to me was anything but "paternal."

By the time we reached our destination I was so frightened of him that I should have run away but for the fact that I had only a few coppers in my bag. He took me at once to a dingy house where they let furnished apartments—not at all like the "professional" lodgings to which I was accustomed—and there he booked a room and sitting-room in the name of "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." I hadn't the courage to protest while he was talking to the landlady, and when we were alone together in the stuffy little sitting-room he laughed and told me not to be silly.

"How else can we manage in a place like this?" he said. "But you needn't worry. I'm a gentleman, I am, as you'll see if you're sensible and there's a very good sofa in this room that will do for me meanwhile."

But there was a change in his manner and a kind of threat under his smooth talk. He had to go out to see about his band instruments just afterwards, and in my desperation I began to think of Jack. I knew he would help me if he could and so, although I was ashamed to ask him, I went out, found a telegraph office that was open, and sent him a wire begging him to telegraph back my fare to Newcastle. It was lucky that I had a book of stamps in my bag, for otherwise I couldn't even have paid for the telegram.

★ NOW that was just about noon. Mr. Smith came back to lunch and at once began to make love to me after his fashion. The moment he touched me I felt I must scream, and I think I did, because the landlady came in a moment later and looked at us both very curiously.

After she had gone I implored him to leave me alone just for a while. I told him I had a splitting headache and that I must lie down.

"All right, little lady," he said. "I'm a gentleman, I am. Only don't try any tricks. I've had this innocence stuff worked on me before and, believe me, *you're* not going to get away with it."

I suppose what I ought to have done was to tell everything to the landlady or even go to the police and ask them to get in touch with my parents. But I was only nineteen and I simply couldn't face the thought of having to explain such a humiliating situation. Mr. Smith did leave me alone until the meal was over, and then he had to go out again.

I should have left the house immediately afterwards if I had had any money at all. As it was I knew Jack wouldn't be able to telegraph money on a Sunday, but I felt certain I should get his wire in the morning, and I thought I could manage Mr. Smith somehow until then.

He didn't, in fact, come back until the evening and I could see he had been drinking. All through supper he was odiously polite to me and then, after the landlady had cleared the table, he suddenly seized me in his arms.

"Don't you start screaming again," he said, "or I'll give you something to scream for."

★ I DID scream then and it wasn't the landlady who answered me. It was Jack!

He burst into the room almost in the same instant. His motoring goggles were pushed over his forehead and I knew that he must have raced down from Newcastle directly he got my wire.

He took me gently by the shoulders and turned me out of the room. I stood outside the door and it sounded as though the furniture was being smashed up. Soon I heard Mr. Smith yelling for help. But he didn't get any.

Presently Jack came out breathing rather hard and propelling the wreck of Mr. Smith in front of him. He kicked him dispassionately down the stairs and the front door slammed.

Then he came back to me.

"Pack your things, sweetheart," he said, "and I'll settle with the landlady. We've got a long run in front of us, but I'll have you home for breakfast."

And he did. Dad and mother welcomed us with open arms and Jack and I were married two months later. Now we have a girl of our own and, if ever she gets stage-struck, we shall know what to do with her. In fact, we might even let her go on tour. It's usually a cure for that particular complaint unless you have it so badly that it's incurable.

"The Greatest of These—"

Enough to Break a Heart

"BOTH my husband and myself served during the war," says Willie's mother. "I was in the W.A.A.C., then transferred to the W.R.A.F., having over two years' service. My husband also saw active service with the Black Watch, then with the Royal Fusiliers. He was in Russia, where he contracted dysentery, and has suffered periodically ever since. He has been continually ill for the past three years. He was in hospital in Glasgow, and only just home for a short time when he was removed again. He has now been away for three weeks.

Willie's parents are in a hopeless mess

"My eldest boy is also in hospital with fever, and my little girl with diphtheria. As they are away their money is stopped, and I am allowed 23s. to keep myself and three boys, and pay a rent of 8s. 9d. per week. Owing to such a lot of expenses before my husband was removed to hospital, we are in a hopeless mess. I have just returned after visiting the hospital, and I have to take there as soon as possible underclothing, suit, overcoat, slippers and boots for my boy, but where I am to get them from I do not know.

"I have been in hospital eight times for periods of eight and four months at a time. I have gone through ten operations. Since the last one I have been fairly well, having regained the power of my limbs and speech.

"My husband has now been told by the doctor at home and in hospital that he must move from this district to Glasgow, but that would cost about £5 or £6 for rent and removal, and we are penniless.

"Could your readers please help to give my husband and my children a chance?"

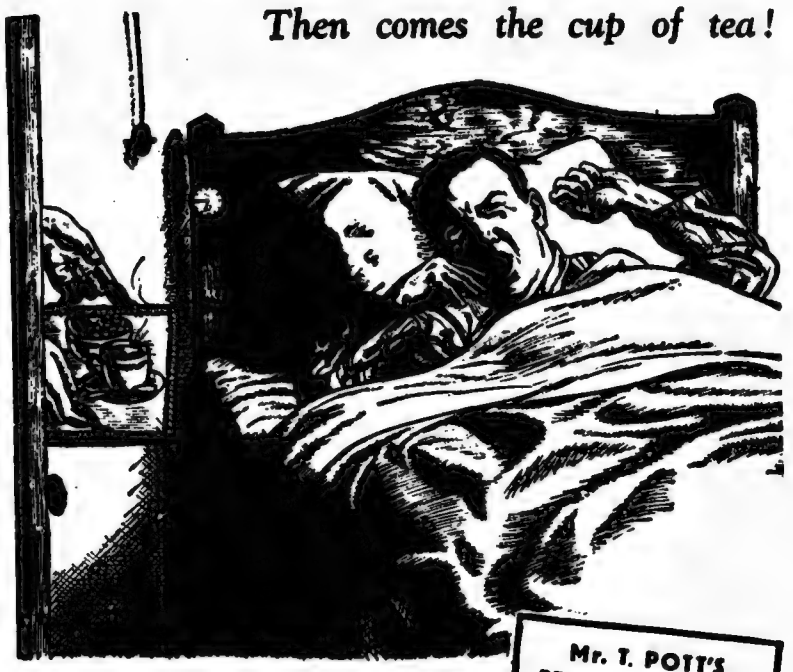
The doctor, who thinks highly of Willie's mother, states: "Her husband has been ill almost continuously since he came to live in this district, and I am satisfied that he is likely to continue so unless he leaves it. At present, he is in hospital with dysentery, but when he is discharged, I want him to remove from here as soon as possible."

We believe that it is only necessary to add that donations earmarked "Willie," should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which will be acknowledged, as also donations for the general fund, where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

..Came the Dawn — and the DROOPS

Perhaps we've had too many blankets on the bed—perhaps we've not had enough. We went to sleep too early or perhaps too late. Whatever it was, we wake up with the Droops heavy on us—still a little tired and dull and lazy-feeling.

Then comes the cup of tea!



Mr. T. POTT'S TEA-TIMES TABLE

When to take tea to banish the "Droops"

EARLY MORNING — When it's time to get up

MID-MORNING — When the work begins to drag

MID-EVENING — When you can 'do' with a refresher

Not forgetting tea and breakfast time, of course

We don't need doctors to tell us how it freshens and livens us up! We can *feel* it clearing the sleep out of our eyes, and the fog out of our brain, and the stiffness out of our muscles. *'I find my 7 a.m. cup of tea is a cup of good cheer, a kind of window-cleaner brightening my whole outlook'* writes Mrs. Sarah Catterick, of Horden, Co. Durham.

And so say all of us. Here's to our early morning cup of tea!

Down the 'Droops' with TEA

QUAKER OATS, being one of the few foods, rich in the *TONIC VITAMIN*, is not only nourishing, but also is *INVALUABLE FOR TONING UP THE SYSTEM.*

Scientists have made an important discovery about the health-giving properties of a Quaker Oats breakfast! They have found that besides the body-building proteins and mineral salts for which Oats are famous, there is also a considerable supply of the vital *nerve-nourishing* Vitamin B.

For some time it has been known that shortage of this *tonic* vitamin causes "nerviness," constipation, sleeplessness and poor appetite—now it is obvious that the nicest, most economical way to prevent this shortage is by a breakfast of creamy Quaker Oats! For Quaker Oats is made from the finest oats in the world, grown in sunny Canada and milled by a special process that preserves all goodness and produces the special creamy flavour.

Along with the discoveries about oats it has been found that, while milk promotes growth because it contains the "growth" Vitamin G, this Vitamin produces its greatest growth effect in combination with Vitamin B. *Therefore milk + Quaker Oats is about the best "growth" diet a child can possibly have!* It is the *perfect* breakfast!

What a triumphant vindication of all the millions of mothers who have given and are giving their children a Quaker Oats breakfast.

Nor is it only the most wholesome and nourishing—it is also the quickest way to save time and money, for Quick Quaker provides this ideal meal with no more than four minutes cooking! The result is hot, freshly cooked breakfasts—far nicer and healthier than any cold cereal warmed with hot milk. Quaker Oats is a daily foundation of health for the family—the right beginning of a day's work. Economical, too, costing only 4d. and 8½d. per packet at all grocers.

Imitations of Quaker Oats sometimes look the same, but they never taste the same. For flavour, nourishment and economy Quaker Oats is in a superior class of its own; those who have used Quaker Oats know this—a trial packet will convince you.

Sold only in sealed packets, which not only preserve the special flavour, but protect from dust taint and other impurities.

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Sausages which are tempting to look at and a joy to eat

HARRIS
CALNE WILTSHIRE
SAUSAGES
As good as their famous bacon
For nearest supplier, write to Dept. 55, C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., Wiltshire.

Jealous of Mother-in-law

Mothers-in-law who are a real help, and not a nuisance, do not deserve to be the object of jealousy by either of the young couple — yet many of them are

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
by
PHILIP INMAN

DR. HERBERT GRAY has said many wise things. He wrote a book called "Men, Women and God," which won for him deservedly high praise. But this statement of his sounds altogether too sweeping—"There should be a public opinion which would say to all mothers-in-law and fathers-in-law, 'Outside—and keep there.'"

If he had inserted the word "interfering" or "domineering" it would be understandable. But "all" parents-in-law. No, definitely no.

Many of my readers could testify to the happy relations that exist between "in-laws." This mother, for example, receives greater kindness from her son-in-law than from her own daughter:

My daughter has been married for nearly two years and both she and her husband are in work. Their joint wages are just over £4 a week and they pay me 15s. for the upper part of my house. My son-in-law is one of the best; a steady decent boy. And I think the world of my girl, as she is my only child and I lost her father when she was only three.

Before they were married my daughter used to ask me to go about with them and we always went to the pictures once a week. Now my son-in-law asks me, but my daughter seems to resent his doing so. She does not like my doing anything at all for him. He leaves his work at five and I have sometimes got his tea ready, but my girl has told me rather sharply that he could very well wait until she comes home at six.

I have been wondering if it would be better to ask them to find rooms elsewhere. I should hate doing this, as the money is useful to me and I might have a job to find other tenants. Besides, they are mine, and except for a sister in Cornwall, I have nobody else.

I can see quite clearly the cause of this trouble. That young wife is one of the possessive kind. She wants her husband all to herself. At the moment she would readily subscribe to the popular lovers' creed, "Two's company, three's none."

But with a little tact this problem will right itself in time. This mother has been far too much on the spot. I should think, if the truth be known, that she has seldom, if ever, left her daughter right through her life. And the girl simply takes her for granted.

Now if my correspondent could go to stay with that sister of hers in Cornwall for a month I would wager that her daughter will welcome her back with open arms. A good dose of "absent" medicine is the best remedy in a case of this kind.

I know a man who lived in a glorious part of the country. But he told me that he never appreciated his home until he fell on evil days and had to leave it. And that is true of life. There are some folk who never value their loved ones until they lose them.

LET this girl discover that her mother is not always at her beck and call, and I am sure her attitude will change. Then there will be no need for the drastic action that my correspondent contemplates.

Now in my next problem we have a very different daughter and a different son-in-law, too. The girl writes:

I have been married for six months to a young man whom I love deeply. We live in the same road as my mother, having been lucky enough to get a house at 7s. a week, for which we should have to pay at least double elsewhere.

After about a month's married life my husband began to complain of my always being round at my mother's home, which is not true, as I only see her for a little while every day. He will not listen to me when I try to explain.

My mother is a hard-working woman. She is out from early morning until the afternoon, and when she returns she has to start afresh in her own home. I feel that when she has finished, she needs a quiet rest and that it is only natural for her to love to see me, particularly as I am the youngest and live such a few steps away.

I have never neglected my husband for my mother. Whenever he feels like going out, I go, but when we arrive back, I do like to slip along just to say "Good-night," which mother looks forward to.

All this annoys my husband very much. Although he is very fond of his own mother, I wish his home was as near as mine so that he could understand what it feels like to be so near to his own people and yet not be able to see them without causing a row. Can you please help me?

Let me pick out a few words from my correspondent's letter: "I do like to slip along just to say 'Good-night.'" It sounds very harmless, but I wonder if that is the source of the trouble. A good deal depends upon the answer to the following questions:

When this young wife is out with her husband does she keep telling him "I must hurry back to say 'Good-night' to mother?" And how long does it take her to say that "Good-night"?

I can't believe that man would object to his wife visiting her mother whilst he is at work. But when he is at home he naturally wants to come first in her thoughts and affection.

Most women would take that as a compliment, for often the boot is on the other foot. Many a husband spends his leisure at the club, leaving the wife to sit alone at home.

WHAT I think my correspondent should do is to give way on the "Good-night" question. And, provided she does not neglect her husband and her own home, she should spend a little time with her mother during the daytime. This should be a happy compromise and lead to the cessation of those frequent rows.

My first letter came from a mother; the second from a daughter; and here is one from a son:

I am a married man with a delicate wife and three young children. By hard work I have secured a "safe" job, though the pay is barely adequate for the needs of my little family. In order to improve my prospects of advancement I am anxious to prepare for an additional qualification, the training for which would cost about £30, and I would not hesitate but for one thing. My parents have recently come up against very hard times and they have turned to me as their only son for help to maintain themselves and my two sisters.

There is little hope for my father, as his age is against him. And yet—if they could manage for another year, I believe I should be able to get this qualification which would give me an immediate increase in salary. When I put it to my parents in this way they say "What are we to do during that time?"

I want to be fair to both sides, but I must remember that my parents neglected the chances they had in their younger days to provide for their old age. What ought I to do?

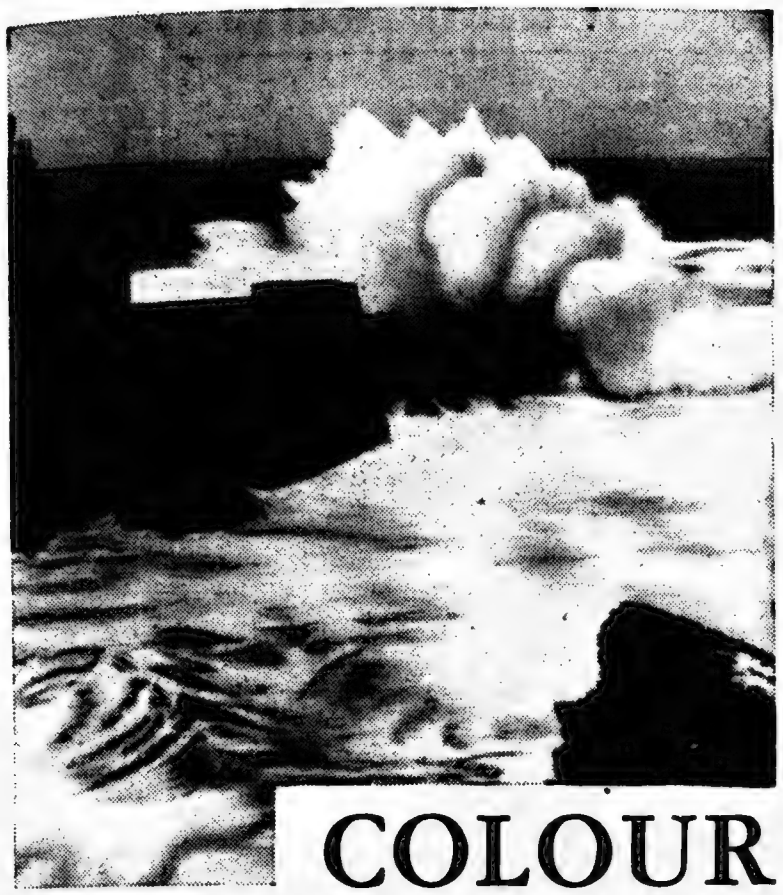
NOW this additional qualification will cost my correspondent £30. And it will mean advancement and "an immediate increase of salary." It is a first-class investment and he should not hesitate to take it. He owes it to himself. He owes it to that "delicate wife and three young children."

But what about his parents? I would answer that question by asking another one. What about those two sisters? I am not told how old they are. But if, as I assume, they are of an age to work, my correspondent should not have to assist in keeping them.

They should be maintaining themselves and helping to support their parents. And they should try to give an extra hand during the next year until their brother has qualified himself. Then he may because of his increased salary be in a position to help his parents without his wife and family suffering.

It is a splendid thing when a man can be loyal to both his old home and his new one. But if through economic or other reasons these interests clash, his wife and children must come first.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.



COLOUR MAGIC . . . *How blue makes white* . . . White waves and snow are white only because they reflect all the light. *All*—because light is made up of seven colours, including blue. Take blue away, and white is no longer white, but greyish-yellow. You have seen cottons and linens go what you call a "bad colour"—greyish-yellow. To correct this—to renew their lovely white—you must have Reckitt's Blue in your last rinsing water every wash-day.

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

"Mother's teas are famous!"

Always a cake, two sorts of jam and often fruit and cream. Not a skimpy allowance of cream, but a jug of the help-yourself size. You can swamp your fruit in it and still have a second helping. Teas like this come more than once a week when the cream is "Ideal" Milk. For though it tastes and pours like cream—though it is pure as cream and choice as cream—"Ideal" Milk is cheaper. For less than half the price of cream it makes a famous tea.

"Ideal" Milk is richest farm milk taken when it is fresh and concentrated to the consistency of cream.

"IDEAL" MILK

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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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STOP · LOOK · BUY

£1,000

For a Window Display (see page 43).
Send coupon at once.

CUT HERE

To THE MANAGER, "John Bull" National Window Display Contest, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please enter my name as a competitor in "JOHN BULL'S" National Window Display Contest and send me by return FREE ENTRY OUTFIT containing "John Bull" Window Bills and Entry Label enabling me to compete immediately. I have not previously applied.

Name.....

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Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp J.B. 12/10 35.

When your chest is CHOKED UP

Why suffer the wretchedness and misery of a cold in the chest when massage with the New Mistol Rub will quickly bring comforting relief. You can actually feel the congestion loosen up—breathing become easier, as Mistol Rub penetrates and stimulates with its comforting glow. Its new scientific base permits the soothing ingredients to start their penetrating action the moment Mistol Rub is applied. Safe and clean to use, Mistol Rub does not soil the clothing. 1/- and 1/9 from all chemists

RUB YOUR COLD AWAY

with the new

Mistol Rub

FOR HEAD COLDS, OF COURSE USE MISTOL DROPS

Read the Warning of Science!

In his report Mr. H. Bradley, D.I.C., A.R.C.Sc., B.Sc., Director of Research to the Boot Trade Research Association, writes:—

"The need for adequate cleaning (of shoes) and the use of good-quality dressings cannot be overstated. It is so important to the welfare of the feet that the leather shall be kept soft and supple."

When on the animal's back the skin is continually fed with natural oils which keep it soft and pliable. After it is manufactured into leather the natural oils dry out.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish contains oils which replace the natural nutriment and act as a food for leather. It sinks into the pores, keeping the leather in its original, soft, pliable condition. That is why shoes that are regularly polished with this fine quality polish are always so much more comfortable and last so much longer.

POLISH YOUR SHOES DAILY

with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

and notice the difference!

CB.97/22

The New Scourge of the Roads. .

LORRY GIRLS

The girls who pester the roadside cafes for lorry drivers are a menace to the road transport industry

MANY little wayside cafés and shacks upon the highways of England have become little more than a rendezvous for "lorry girls."

Lorry girls are the latest scourge of the roads, and the urgent attention required to stamp out this new menace to drivers has been emphasised by Dr. E. T. Burke, of Salford Health Department, in a startling annual report.

"The same drama is now being played on the road as was at one time so common with respect to docks, ships, and sailors," he states.

In fact, the immense spreading during the last few years of the vast road transport organisations has proved an irresistible attraction to the undesirable women who once infested the waterfronts of England.

They have turned their attention from the docks to the highways and the lorrymen who drive all over the country.

I witnessed the activities of these women during a 400-mile journey which I made recently, seated beside the driver of one of the heavy transport lorries that ply the roads night and day.

Isolated spot

The law insists that at least every 5½ hours these drivers must have a break, and little cafés and shacks, situated on the highways at convenient intervals, are open day and night for this purpose. Not only are they in towns and just outside towns, but often they have been built far out in the country, miles from anywhere.

It was at one of these isolated spots that we pulled up in the dead of night, at a time when the rest of the country is asleep, and parked the lorry among a score of others that stood, huge and dark, in a space adjoining the wooden hut.

The windows blazed with light, and the sounds of voices and rattling pots came from within as we entered for a cup of tea.

Tea is almost the only drink drivers have on their journeys. They fully realise the responsibility of having control of a heavy lorry and rarely allow intoxicants to pass their lips while on duty.

The little wooden café was full of men from the lorries outside, who, with mugs of tea in their hands, smoked, talked and cursed freely.

Amidst them, seated at a table around which sat half a dozen men, was one flashily-dressed girl of about twenty. She was quite at ease among them. A cigarette dangled from between her fingers, a mug of tea was before her, and she joined in the free and easy conversation.

Lorries were pulling up or driving away at frequent intervals, and every time the door opened to admit another lorryman she looked up in an endeavour to catch his eye.

In order to escape the smoke-laden atmosphere of the shack, as soon as we had drunk our mugs of tea my driver companion and I went out for a short nap in the cab. Such rests are advisable on long journeys through the night in order to rest the eyes, which become aggravated by the engine fumes and the natural desire to sleep at such hours.

A few minutes had passed when I heard voices outside. The voices, which were of a man and two girls, came from among the other lorries looming about us. One of their voices I recognised as that of the girl who had been in the hut.

Where the other girl came from at such an hour and at such an isolated spot, miles from any village, I do not know.

She must have come either from another room in the hut, or from one of the lorries.

I closed my eyes again, but next moment there was a thud upon the step of the lorry, as if someone had climbed up, and, looking in that direction, I saw one of the girls—touching up her highly painted face in the driving mirror.

She did this as if it were quite a natural, normal place and time in which to make-up, and all the while she laughed and chatted with her companions in perfect ease.

Her face vanished from the mirror as she dropped off the step again, and I heard her begin talking and cajoling with other men who had come from the shack.

Notorious

"Come into the lorry with us," said a man's voice eventually.

I heard their footsteps retreating, and a few moments later the lorry drew away on to the road.

What happened to the other girl I do not know. Perhaps she went into the lorry also, or into another one, or back into the shack to await the arrival of another lorryman susceptible to her wiles.

My lorry driver told me that similar things were going on in many other parts of the country in the dead of night.

Certain roadside cafés where lorrymen park, such as the one I visited, have become notorious for this sort of thing. Some are little more than meeting places, headquarters for the "lorry girls."

Every day, stated an official of the London Diocesan Council for Preventive and Rescue Work, cases are brought to their notice of girls, who have left London on long-distance lorries, being stranded in various parts of the country.

Not only does the Council regard this as a danger, but state that it is on the increase.

Honest men

I know from experience that the lorrymen rank among the finest body of men one could meet. They are honest, straightforward, respectable citizens who know well, and are quite capable of bearing, the responsibility of control over the great transport lorries.

They are among the most efficient and careful drivers on the road, and a girl in the cab usually means instant dismissal.

But, as in any other huge body of men, there are among them those unable to resist the temptation of such women.

Many of these little wayside cafés, of course, are perfectly reputable, and their owners have done everything possible to keep away the unwelcome "lorry girls."

As a typical example, the owner of one found himself pestered with this type of girl.

Women were coming in and playing cards and drinking with the men, so he promptly arranged for ex-policemen to be on the night shift especially to keep them away, and to stop the men from bringing girls in.

But there are other places that have become little more than headquarters for the "lorry girls."

G. H.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WORCESTER EVENING NEWS:—"A house at Reydon was invaded by flying AUNTS."

SOUTH DEVON TIMES:—"There is sure to be a good number of entries in the ladies' ankle and ladies' BENT-shaped legs competition."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER:—"She was attended as bridesmaids by her sisters, who wore trim tailored suits of beige straw hats."

WHARFEDALE AND AIREDALE OBSERVER:—"Youngest competitor for two successive EARS in the Yorkshire Amateur Diving Championship."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"There had not been a large quantity of rain, but the SUN-baked outfield was too hard to absorb it speedily."

DAILY DISPATCH, EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA:—"Many ships will display red flares, then darkness, and then bouquets of ROCKS will go hurtling into the sky."

"I LOATHED *my Mother-in-law*"

How a sick wife came to love her mother-in-law who showed her a wonderful way to recapture health . . .

My mother had told me "that it was impossible for two women, loving the same man to live under one roof in harmony." Had I not married Jim in this belief, I should never have had this story to tell, for in my illness his mother proved how wrong I was.

Jim's mother was a widow, but her husband had left her in comfortable circumstances. Had it been necessary for her to live with us, I'd never have consented to our marriage, so bitter was I against sharing my home with another woman. As it was, our lives were filled with a seemingly endless chain of happy days.

My health broke

After the birth of our child, we experienced our first trouble. When he was barely three months old, I was rushed to hospital with acute appendicitis. I was out again in a few weeks, but pneumonia set in, and the shadow of death stalked our house. Sickness left me very weak. I had to have a nurse and someone for the child, and Jim said, "why don't we get mother here. She would love to be with us." In my anguish my whole nature instinctively revolted at the idea.

They force her on me

The very next day my mother-in-law arrived, and I abused her to her face, but she met anger with gentleness and kindness. One day she came into my room with a bottle in her hand. She poured out a wineglassful and sweetly told me to drink it. Then she said, "My dear, I understand. Life has been cruel to you. The strain on your poor body has been merciless, first the birth of Edward, then your operation and pneumonia."

"Your vitality," she continued, "Is at low ebb because all this sickness has torn down the red corpuscles in your blood. Nature will repair the damage in time, but I have given you something that gives nature a wonderful help. The liquid you just drank is Wincarnis. It is a fine tonic wine which contains the ingredients necessary for building strong new red corpuscles in your blood, for giving you renewed strength, health and youth. These tonic ingredients are malt, beef extract and the sunshine benefits of rich, red wine from sunny Spain. I call it the wine of life."

She gives me back my health

She left the room and returned with a bowl of thick soup. Strangely, I ate it with relish. Something had happened inside me. I felt a wee flicker of strength in my body and soon I was in a sound, untroubled sleep. There's not much left to tell. I drank Wincarnis with my meals, ate more and more heartily, slept better and better, gained weight, and within a month was my old happy and healthful self again.

Love for Jim's Mother had blossomed in my heart, and as the realization dawned upon me that she had perhaps saved my life, I know to-day that I owe her and Wincarnis a tremendous debt of gratitude which I can't hope to repay.

Give Wincarnis a trial; it's free

Thousands of women suffer from some form of debility. If your nerves jangle easily; if your head aches often and nervous pains shoot through your body; if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life give Wincarnis a trial. Give the combined benefits of the beef, malt and rich red wine in this fine tonic the chance to build up strong red corpuscles in your blood. You're only as young as your blood, because young blood is the sap of life. Wincarnis is sold at all wine shops, licensed chemists and grocers, two sizes, 5/6d. and 3/3d.

"My dear, I want you to know I understand."

This story was suggested by testimonials in our files. Names and places have been altered out of courtesy to our friends who have been kind enough to write to us about their wonderful experiences with Wincarnis.

—POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE—

To: Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 1-R, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me a free sample of Wincarnis.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

When the prescription is urgent, and the patient impatient . . .

When you've a headache at three, and a party at eight . . .

When there's laughter in the air, but a tickle in your throat . . .

When you've a load on your mind, and a cold on your chest . . .

When the leaves are falling, and your spirits are too . . .

When you've missed the train, and you've caught a chill . . .

When the medicine chest's low, and the 'flu's at its height . . .

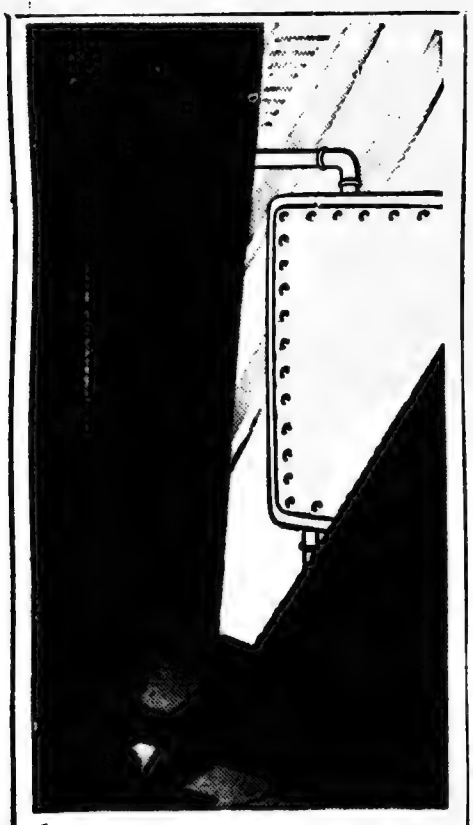
When you've all sorts of engagements, and you're all out of sorts . . .

When there's a depression over Iceland, and another over you . . .

YOU CAN RELY ON The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

CVS—64



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Containing 10 Genasprin tablets of the same high quality that has earned Genasprin the reputation of being the SAFE BRAND of ASPIRIN

ALSO { *2/- bottle increased to 50 Genasprin tablets*

Now, when you want quick, safe relief from pain, get Genasprin in this convenient, inexpensive form. Genasprin *safely* rids you of headaches or nerve pains without disturbing your digestion or harming your heart.

Obtainable from all Chemists.

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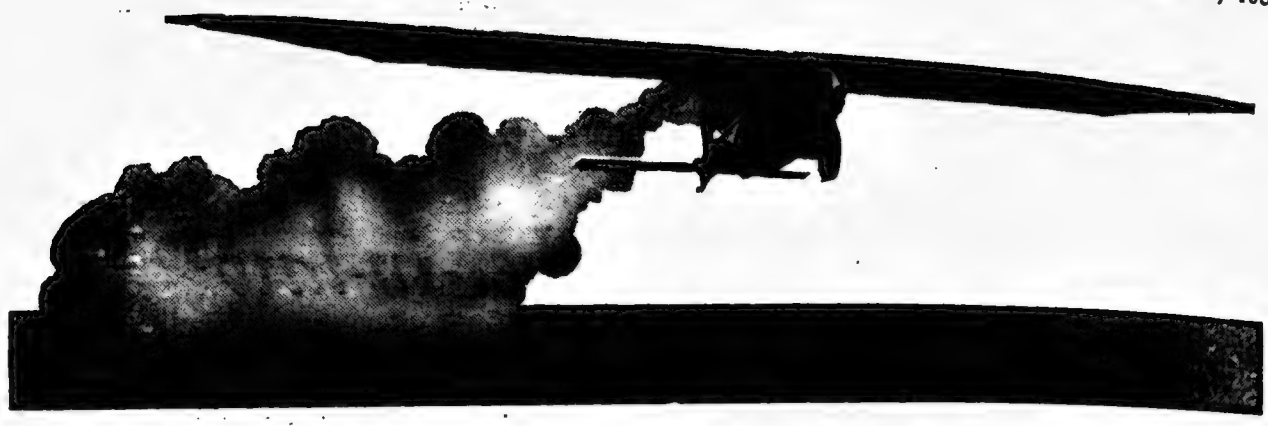


Will it be the flying machine of to-morrow? Here is an aeroplane being shot from a rocket

Here Comes the Rocket Airman!

IS the aeroplane, as we know it to-day, doomed to extinction? Is the day of the internal combustion engine drawing to its close?

These questions are prompted by an event which took place recently when Col. Lindbergh, famous airman, and Harry F. Guggenheim, multi-millionaire, made a dash by car into a remote part of New Mexico.

They had been invited to inspect the aeroplane of to-morrow by its inventor, Professor R. H. Goddard.

And what they were shown in the large workshops of that isolated scientific research station at Roswell, N.M., was the first-perfected rocket aeroplane.

Professor Goddard began experimenting with rockets nearly thirty years ago. He was ridiculed, starved of finance, put down as a fool.

BUT he pursued his lonely way, much as did the Brothers Wright in the days when the heavier-than-air machine was regarded as the dream of a fool.

Col. Lindbergh inspected Professor Goddard's strange craft. He spent two days examining the technical problems involved. He was satisfied.

When the airman and the financier left the inventor they left behind them a promise of almost unlimited financial support.

Professor Goddard has made and tried out a twelve-foot model. Now, backed by Guggenheim millions, he is to set to work on the construction of the first full-size rocket-propelled aeroplane.

Will it be the flying machine of to-morrow? Col. Lindbergh, and he should know, has no doubts about it. The age of the internal combustion engine, of speeds around 150 miles an hour, draws to its close.

The era of the new day of air travel dawns, and it will be a day of projectile travel through the void fifty miles above the earth's surface. Speeds will not be reckoned in hundreds, but in thousands, of miles an hour.

Fantastic as such forecasts seem, work already done points to the possibility.

For example, Professor Goddard's model, propelled by a highly explosive mixture of liquid oxygen and petrol, has attained a speed of 700 miles an hour.

Such a rocket machine, full-scale size, would be capable of rising vertically fifty miles into space.

The earth's air envelope ends at around fifteen miles above the earth in the emptiness of inter-stellar space.

It is prophesied by these scientific men of vision that this illimitable void will one day be the aerial highway of once earth-bound man.

CATAPULTED into the air in hermetically sealed machines, he will sweep across the sky from continent to continent at speeds that to-day seem beyond all probability.

Yet, according to Professor Goddard, all the scientific problems that barred his way have been solved.

Perhaps the biggest task of all was that of finding some force capable of projecting the machine through the earth's air envelope against the terrific pull of gravity.

Professor Goddard solved this part of his problem by scrapping the idea of an engine and by substituting for it his rocket apparatus.

His machine will rise in the air in much the same way as a shell leaves a gun. But with this difference: the explosive charge of a gun ends with the firing of it. The shell travels from the barrel until the initial force of that one explosion is exhausted.

In the Goddard machine the explosive charges will travel with the machine. Its upward drive will come from the kick of the timed explosions from the rear of its fuselage.

How could such a man-carrying projectile be guided and brought to earth?

It will be guided by gyroscope. It will be brought to earth just like an ordinary winged aeroplane.

During its flight at terrific velocity above the earth's air envelope the rocket machine will resemble a vast cone-shaped, windowed projectile. But with the approach of its journey's end it will change its form, spread out its folded metal wings, and take its earthward dive at fast diminishing speeds.

AS its inventor points out, directly the rocket-machine enters the earth envelope, the denser atmosphere will act as a brake upon it.

The collapsible wings will make ordinary landing possible.

Will Professor Goddard be the first in the field with the rocket aeroplane of to-morrow.

He is now armed with unlimited financial support and with completed scientific experimental successes. But he is not the only man engaged on the problem. In Germany, Professor Oberth is working along similar lines. In France, a syndicate is actually building a thirty-tons rocket machine capable of carrying three tons of fuel.

But it is a friendly rivalry, for all these pioneers of high-speed air travel are members of one of the strangest international societies in the world—the Interplanetary Society.

This society thrusts its forward gaze even further into the future, as its name shows. Members of it are not thinking about two-hour journeys between London and New York.

They are thinking about the possibility of travel between the earth and her neighbours in space.

They are dreaming of the day when man will leave his earth home and voyage into the skies and set his questing foot on the soil of long-dead planets.

The dream is not new—far from it. But what is new is that men of science are concerning themselves with it.

WHAT such fiction writers as Bishop Wilkins, of Chichester (1650), H. G. Wells, Edgar Allan Poe and Jules Verne handled as sheerest fantasy there scientists are working upon as men of practical purpose.

The bulk of mankind to-day does not take these projects seriously. They seem absurd. The average man shrugs, says "Crank," and goes his way.

He did that when he watched the first feeble efforts of the Brothers Wright to raise their clumsy first aeroplane off the ground. And he did it, too, when Marconi foretold the day when he would throw the human voice across the world.

And now men are promising us that our bodies shall speed through the air almost as fast as now our voices are projected through the ether.

The masses laugh at them. But it is significant that such hard-headed men as Col. Lindbergh and Harry Guggenheim are backing the scheme with hard cash. Theirs is the vision that sees that what is fantastic and impossible to-day will become the commonplace of to-morrow.

And that is the lesson modern science is always teaching us. The impossible is always happening.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Doreen Jane Is Best

FINAL acceptors for the Cesarewitch will be declared while this issue of JOHN BULL is in the press.

I think Tommaok will be among the horses left in despite his mishap at Newbury in the Autumn Cup race, but it is taking a big risk in making the French-bred the black-lettered selection for the long-distance event.

Horses have good memories and a fall often upsets their equilibrium in more ways than one. Arravale, a case in point, came down at a certain obstacle in the Grand National. The two years following he refused at the same jump.

Roi de Paris came to grief in the Chester Cup of last year and has never been the same since.

I do not like to discard Tommaok for, apart from the accident, I think he would have been "in the money" at Newbury. He is a glutton for distance and his injuries appeared to be superficial. Moreover, his trainer knows what is required to win a Cesarewitch. But I think it wiser to go for

DOREEN JANE,

another of my early fancies. She has a clean bill of health and the money is down. Tommaok must be saved on each-way.

Law Court, from Epsom, has now returned to favour for the Cambridgeshire, and double-event backers who have coupled up the early JOHN BULL selections are certainly assured of a good run for their money.

Popular Alexandra Park occupies the stage this week-end. I suggest Muscovado for the Cup and Lemniscus and Such Fun for minor events.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 10, to Wednesday, October 16.

L	W	N	G	E	D	V	Z	R	T	F	9	4	M	P	H	J	I	S	O	Y	8	7	Q	C	B	A	K	X	U

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: TFLCFX would read BAHRAM. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. GIE294OC would read SNOOKER.

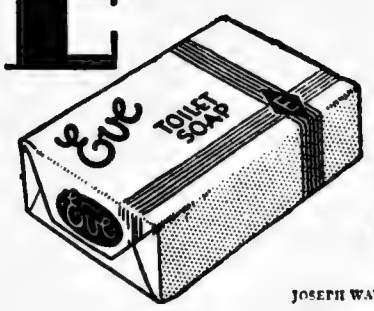
"Um-m! What's the lovely new perfume, Molly?"

"EVE Soap, my dear—it's so soothing, too"

WITH such a subtle fragrance and a soft soothing lather you wonder that Eve Toilet Soap costs so little. Yet twopence is all you pay for this kindly milk-white soap. Little wonder that Eve has been a sensational success. Never before has such astonishing value been obtainable in a toilet soap.

A SOAP YOU'LL LOVE—AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

EVE TOILET SOAP



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Fully Patented No. 414464

For the woman who knits and sews..

the man who reads..

the man who lounges

10/- WITH ORDER

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money-back if not satisfied within 7 days. FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

HERE'S THE PERFECT POSITION OF EASE

What happy hours by the fireside can be yours with the NEW Berkeley Superlax! This new Easy Chair goes even further in comfort than the original Berkeley Superlax and is creating a nation-wide interest with its extra luxury features. It affords *real* relaxation for mind and body, and is designed to suit everyone—tall or short. It adjusts itself AUTOMATICALLY to suit the mood you are in—you can change your position from upright to resting or lounging without having to move from the chair. And what amazing VALUE the New Berkeley Superlax offers. Even better in quality, its price is still astoundingly low—due to specialized production in the largest upholstery factories in the kingdom, and direct selling to the public.

● MORE HANDSOME DESIGN ● WIDER ARMS ● DEEPER BACK ● ROOMIER SEAT ● SEAT AND ARMS ALL-HAIR STUFFED ● MORE LUXURIOUS UPHOLSTERY ● PERFECT SPRINGING ● MORE BEAUTIFUL AND DURABLE COVERINGS ● BACK AND SEAT EASILY REMOVABLE FOR CLEANING.

IN B QUALITY COVERING CASH PRICE 67/6 or 70/-:— 10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

Settee to match £5 : 12 : 6

The NEW Berkeley SUPERLAX

The Easy Chair that Adjusts Itself

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22, Poole Hill, BOURNEMOUTH.

COUPON Please send me your Illustrated Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

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(*John Bull*) .....

Why suffer with Backache?

"Every Picture tells a Story."

HEALTHY, active kidneys are your surest protection against backache, urinary disorders, disturbed nights, renal dropsy, sciatica, and rheumatism. These troubles start when the delicate kidney filters fail to extract harmful impurities from the blood. To stop the mischief the early use of Doans Backache Kidney Pills is recommended. Thousands are enthusiastic as Mrs. Allen.

"Lumbago and Sciatica"

Mrs. E. Allen, 151, Harringay Road, London, N.15, says: "I had a severe attack of lumbago and sciatica. The pain across the small of my back and down my legs was simply terrible. The bladder was weak and there was sediment in the kidney excretions.

"But I soon got relief when I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They did me lasting good. (*Signed*) E. Allen."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon

Doans Backache Kidney Pills

To make it better —insist on A.G.

Try this *thinner* paper. See how it improves your smokes. No chemicals to spoil the tobacco flavour—no paper taste—but all the real flavour of your tobacco coming through as though no paper were there. See how neatly it rolls, this crisper, strong A.G. Be sure to get A.G.—it's the best—and you can now have the packet that is *really* automatic.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS Now packed in 2 styles

THE NEW AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE

FALSE TEETH CLEAN AND HYGIENIC

Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. Kolynos Denture Powder ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

IN PATENT SPRINKLER TINS 1/- OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Police run through a piece of kine-film that has been used to record an "act" as evidence—of the indisputable kind!

The Silent Detective GETS its MAN

TWENTY-ONE years ago the picture of a wanted murderer was flashed on the screen of a Liverpool kinema. The caption accompanying it asked members of the public to report to the police immediately if they saw the wanted man.

It was the first time that the kinema had been used in the detection of crime.

That picture flashed on the Liverpool screen to the wonderment of the enthralled audience was only a forerunner—a prophetic whisper of how big a part the camera was eventually to play in tracking down the law-breaker and the criminal.

Recently a complete film was shown in court—lasting about a quarter of an hour—of a street betting scene taken at 75 yards range without the knowledge of the principals and "extras"!

Incidents such as "paying out," receiving betting slips, looking through field glasses and street "runners" on bicycles were shown.

So astounded were a number of the defendants at the film's revelations that they laughed! Some claimed that they themselves were not portrayed.

The film was therefore run through again in slow motion—and on occasions stopped altogether. As a result several of the defendants finally agreed that they had indeed been "caught by the camera."

The employment of the camera in the solution of crime today extends far beyond its familiar uses for finger-print and bloodstain tests.

An old criminal when sentenced recently remarked: "What with these new-fangled scientific ideas we old-fashioned 'lags' soon won't have a chance."

He was right. An indication of the future difficulties of the criminal was given at the trial in Bradford this year of two men accused of breaking into a jeweller's shop. Particles of glass similar in every respect to that in the jeweller's window were found on the clothing of the men.

That alone as evidence was hardly conclusive—but the jeweller's glass happened to be backed by red and green paint. A new camera colour process revealed that the fragments found on the men also bore traces of the coloured paint.

Such evidence as this is doubly valuable in that it is readily intelligible to the lay observer—as opposed to much that is within the scope and province only of the expert. Colour photography is obviously destined to play a leading part in the world of crime.

Not long ago a motorist, fined at Doncaster for dangerous driving, was convicted by the camera.

Plots unveiled

A policeman was stationed at the bottom of a dangerous hill. On seeing a motorist driving erratically or without due care, he would signal to a colleague at the top, who photographed the oncoming car. The motoring offence, whether it were for overtaking dangerously or "cutting in," was recorded, indisputably, in black and white.

The camera, in conjunction with the ultra-violet rays of the quartz lamp, has unveiled many interesting plots.

A seemingly innocent-looking letter or document, but which is nevertheless for some reason suspect, is placed under these rays. Any writing there may be between the lines is immediately "floresced"—that is to say, shown in greater clarity even than the original.

Although to the naked eye the secret message—possibly containing reference to a parcel of smuggled drugs—is entirely invisible owing to the special chemicals with which it is written, the camera clearly records the evidence revealed by the rays.

The camera also greatly enhances the value of a new form of comparative microscope called the Synchrisiscope. This microscope enables two objects to be simultaneously examined. The results when photographed can be studied with far greater concentration and any similarities or dissimilarities at once noted.

The microphotograph reveals what is invisible to the naked eye. For example, in the case of a forgery the signature is usually written deliberately and painstakingly. Under the microscope instead of smooth lines every type of variation and tremor, known as "hesitations," are found.

Tell-tale dirt

In the same way a person who deliberately forges his own signature with a view to later repudiation can easily be detected. Although many obvious changes are usually made in the writing, the writer is seldom aware of certain unchanging characteristics that unfailingly betray him. It is not in the more obvious twists and turns that writing "character" shows itself, but in the seemingly unimportant and less noticeable formation of the letters.

Finger-nail marks left by a burglar on a wall and impressions left on the tip of a cigarette by over-rouged lips have been enlarged and recorded by the camera and used as evidence to secure a conviction on several occasions.

Dirt found under the finger-nails of even the most scrupulously clean individuals has, with the aid of a camera, been sufficient to secure a conviction. There is practically no occupation in which we indulge throughout the day that does not leave traces on our finger-nails. A man's trade is very surely indicated when his finger-nails are carefully examined; even his recreations can easily be discovered.

Such amazing clarity—such a wealth of detail—is provided by the microphotograph that old-fashioned methods of comparison and examination seem ridiculous.

The new method eliminates the chance of error through the missing of a tiny but possibly vital detail that will provide the clue to the one missing link by which the case becomes crystal-clear.

On one occasion the camera was instrumental in establishing the guilt of a criminal through a chance seed that had become fixed to his coat. In making his "get-away" from the scene of the crime he had accidentally brushed against a rare plant—so rare, indeed, that it was the only one known to exist in that part of the country.

The unerring eye of the camera enlarged and recorded the seed, which on investigation was classified, and provided valuable evidence against the accused.

There have been several cases where criminals have photographed themselves unconsciously and thus acted as the most powerful witness—for the prosecution.

In the act!

A chemist who was continually missing small sums from his till determined to catch the thief. He arranged a camera invisibly so that, on the till being opened, the shutter was automatically released and an instantaneous photograph of the scene recorded. The thief unsuspectingly fell into the trap and was some time later confronted in court with a large and life-like portrait of himself bending over the till in the very act of removing the contents.

With the appearance of colour photography, and the acceptance of a film as evidence in the police court, the life of the criminal is likely to become increasingly difficult.

The filming of a street betting scene is only a beginning. Talkies will follow, until one day perhaps a full-length film of a burglar "on the job" will be produced as an example—and a warning—to others.

One of the most powerful allies of law and order, the camera is the perfect witness—silent and coldly analytical. It has convicted thousands.

Merciless prosecutor of the guilty, it is at the same time the most powerful safeguard of the innocent.

WHY THEY DO IT

Mussolini and Hitler are *always* in the news—and not always good news!

A distinguished psychologist gives amazing character-readings of the two dictators in the current issue of *The Passing Show*.

She reveals that their fathers unknowingly made them men of destiny—and explains why Mussolini is in love with war, why Hitler spurns women and persecutes the Jews.

Brilliant short stories, a message to every young man from Gordon Selfridge, a special fun-section that will really make you laugh, and a P. G. Wodehouse serial . . . all this and more in *The Passing Show*—twopence—on sale everywhere.

MOTHER!

YOU WOULDN'T *MEAN* TO HURT HIM

but . . . baby doesn't really want to cry, only chafing does so hurt these tender little thighs. Please be very, very careful when next you change him — do what trained nurses do.

MOISTURE CANNOT HARM NOW

Read what this trained Hospital Nurse says: "Moist thighs are a constant menace to baby. One day is enough to start the discomfort of chafing — the inevitable result of moisture touching that tender skin. At the hospital, we make it a rule to use "Vaseline" Jelly on all babies' thighs — it's easily the most sure moisture-proof protection we know of. And when the skin is already chafed, "Vaseline" Jelly comes in useful again — it soothes the trouble so quickly. We don't use powder because it cracks and cakes, leaving patches of tender skin exposed. Another thing we find is that "Vaseline" Jelly is an excellent guard against scurf — so baby has a little on the scalp every evening!" — NURSE TOLMIE.

BRUISES BURNS CUTS

Doctors also use "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for cuts, burns, scalds and bruises. It shuts out infection. Apply at once after cleansing the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

SAFE. PURE. HEALING

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK

Petroleum Jelly

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That looks jolly fine!

When next you stain your floors use "Varnene." You will be delighted with the extra beauty and long-lasting finish ensured by this wonderful new product.

"Varnene" Oil Varnish Stain imparts to ordinary floor boards the beauty of finer woods. Its hard, glossy finish ensures a surface that offers far greater resistance to wear, scratching or chipping than has hitherto been possible. "Varnene" also preserves, and its waterproof finish protects wood from damp. For a more satisfactory finish to floors use—

VARNENE

THE NEW AND MORE EFFICIENT

OIL VARNISH STAIN

Obtainable from all stores in Dark Oak, Mahogany Walnut, Light Oak, Ebony Black, and Clear Colourless Varnish.

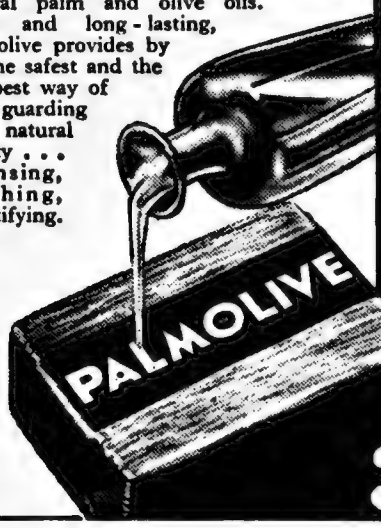
TINS 6d., 1/-, and 1/6.

Made by Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.
Makers of Mansion Polish.

VJ/1/39

The OLIVE OIL in PALMOLIVE *has this triple action*

The great difference about Palmolive, the *olive oil soap*, is in the special beautifying action of its *Olive Oil — beautifying by cleansing*. This is nature's own way of safeguarding the complexion, known for thousands of years. And now, today, 20,000 beauty experts have declared that there is *no better way* of preserving a lovely youthful skin than by ordinary washing in water *with an Olive Oil soap*. You get the deep, gentle cleansing action of the *olive oil* at its best in Palmolive, because Palmolive is made from nothing else but a secret blending of natural palm and olive oils. Pure and long-lasting, Palmolive provides by far the safest and the cheapest way of safe-guarding your natural beauty . . . cleansing, soothing, beautifying.



3d *per tablet*

Add

Nestlé's Milk *to* **cornflakes**

for greater nourishment

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

URACE brand TABLETS have done my Rheumatism a lot of good—backache and stiffness have entirely gone. I can now move about with ease. Nurse J. K——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

NOW!

A Dental Plate Cleaner *that*

For 12 years, Dr. Sherwin, D.D.S., eminent authority on oral hygiene, sought a cleanser for false teeth that would be scientifically correct, completely effective and *absolutely harmless*. Steradent resulted from his research. To-day, this new discovery is widely used and recommended by the dental profession. You simply put your plates in water and add a little Steradent. In a few minutes they are immaculately clean and purified by one of the most powerful sterilizing agents known. Every stain disappears as if by magic; even the blackest tobacco stains of years standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Left in Steradent overnight, the fleshy pink colour is restored by the morning. Steradent contains no acids. At all chemists. Price 1/- and 1/9.

- *Removes the worst stains.*
- *Makes yellow teeth white.*
- *Removes food, film and tartar.*
- *Sterilizes and sweetens your plates.*
- *Does away with brushing.*
- *Is guaranteed harmless.*

For **TRIAL SUPPLY**: Send 1½d. in stamps, to: Steradent, (Dept. 48.V.), 10 Chitty St., London, W.1.

NO MORE SICK HEADACHES

Keep Your Stomach Clean

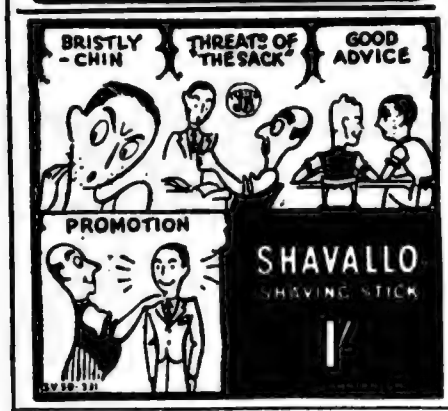
If you are a martyr to sick headaches, biliousness, liver upsets and similar disorders, here is news that will cheer you. In the majority of cases the source of the trouble is the stomach, where nauseous gases accumulate and interfere with your digestion, poisoning the whole system and making you feel no good for anything.

Thousands of sufferers have put an end to all that misery by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. This proved remedy is gently laxative and helps to expel poisonous, clogging waste matter. Two or three doses are usually sufficient to put your stomach in a clean, healthy condition.

At the first sign of discomfort seek refuge in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. You can always rely on speedy relief. Do not experiment with cheap substitutes; leave that to others. You can safely put your faith in the "signature" brand—powder or tablets—1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons. Never sold loose.

ED. SHARP & SONS, LTD., Maidstone.

TERRIBLE
ITCHING RASH
ON ARMS!
"For three years I had a terrible rash on each arm, which used to itch awfully," writes Mr. A. W. A., of Welwyn, "I tried almost every ointment, and salves, blood mixtures and purifiers; in fact, I spent pounds. None did me much good; in fact, I had got fed up trying, until I got a 1/3 bottle of T.C.P. Solution. This did more good than all the others put together. Then I got a 3/- bottle, and before I had used half of it my arms were completely cured. This was over 6 months ago. My arms are still as clear as a baby's."
T.C.P. SOLUTION
The Antiseptic Discovery of the Age!
If you are suffering with Skin Rash, Eczema, Acne, Boils or Ulcers—try T.C.P. Solution today. Amazing cleansing and healing action. Relieves pain and irritation almost instantly. Thousands of testimonials. Now widely recommended by Doctors. Full directions with every bottle, 1/3 or 3/-, from all Chemists.



When Fashion turns Fortune's Wheel

TWO years ago there was an eager queue at the gates of a factory in the Midlands devoted to the manufacture of beads and necklaces. The queue was waiting for the jobs that were going. Beads were booming.

Recently those same gates were closed in the faces of old employees and new alike. Beads, in trade parlance, were slack. Prosperity had given way to depression in a trade which, although ranking as a minor industry, is the most important in the world to those depending on it for their bread and butter.

And the reason? A change in women's taste, that's all. A turn of the fashion wheel.

Beads and necklaces don't go as well with the higher-necked shirt blouses which are now the vogue, and neither Mr. Montague Norman nor any other expert the Government can consult can do anything about it when woman wants something different.

Costly "crop"

And so another section of the two million workpeople in this country who are totally dependent for their livings on the vagaries of women must taste adversity before the wheel of fashion veers again.

What industrial tragedies are constantly being perpetrated in the name of fashion! We all know what happened to the hairpin and the hatpin makers when the "bob" and Eton crop became the fashion. Thousands of other working people were affected, too.

The passing of the hair-net, one result, hit the Breton peasant women whose tresses used to sell at exceptional prices. The English girls who "made up" the hair found that nobody wanted to hire their deft fingers.

Ornate combs and other hair ornaments went out, dealing a heavy blow at the trades concerned with tortoiseshell, brilliants and other articles.

It was somebody's chance, to be sure. At least three pioneers of permanent waves became men of great wealth. Girls crowded into the hairdressing trades in thousands, and found highly remunerative employment.

And now the swing-back has come. Unemployment among hairdressers is distressing. Many who have paid heavily to learn the work will never earn another penny at it. The Breton girls smile again, but not those who could no longer find a market for their hair when the bobbing craze began. Their hair is grey now.

"My lady wants something new—some new style, or fabric, or article." What a blow for some section of the community—what a bit of luck for another.

There came a revolution in women's underwear. Linen gave way to silk, artificial silk and other fancy fabrics, and the cotton workers suffered severely.

Those linen petticoats and other furbelows were invariably starched—and well treated with blue as well. And so yet another industry was seriously affected.

The change was the biggest factor in creating the artificial silk boom. Those were the days when the night sky of Leicester was lit up all night by the light of factories working two eight-hour shifts in the twenty-four, in some cases three.

To-day the average girl demands *real* silk. Artificial silk gave her an appetite for it, and with real silk stockings for as low as 1s. 11d. a pair she sees no reason why she shouldn't have it. And so many hosiery operatives who specialised in artificial silk now find the factory gates closed against them.

Half a million workpeople in this country depend on fabric fashions. Even the barest news that shiny or dull material will be next year's vogue is a message of cheer or gloom in their ears.

Women favour linen frocks, or sponge cloths, or artificial silks. And factory gates close here and open there. Whole towns are uplifted or dashed down as a result. Even such old-fashioned materials as satin get a look in. There is joy for somebody.

There are new discoveries. An example was the reptile skin boom, another the dyeing of lambskin to look like suede or buckskin. Thousands of people learn a trade and expect it to keep them for life when, hey presto!—fashion changes again and their hopes fall to the ground.

Recently a man who had inherited a six-figure fortune from his father had to account for the loss of his money to an official receiver. Women had turned against feathers, on which the family fortune had been built up—that's all.

Women's fashions have changed many times during the last 25 years, and every change has closed factory doors—and opened others

Factories closed

Women turned against "trimmings," in which are included ribbons, buckles, embroideries, fancy tapes and so on. Instead of the trimmings department being one of the biggest in every store, as it was before the war, it is now just a small part of another department.

Nearly a hundred little industries were hit by that change in women's tastes.

Came the elastic vogue, and it hit the button industry. Princess Marina wore a string of pearls, and the artificial pearl industry revived.

The jumper pushed the blouse out of place, and many blouse factories closed down altogether. The blouse came back, and some of our biggest hosiery factories scoured the country for skilled blouse operatives who had given up hope ever again of plying their comparatively highly-paid craft.

Wool stockings became old-fashioned, and a machine was driven off the market. Women favoured felt hats, and Luton groaned. Short skirts were the rage, and the economy in material drove thousands of people on to the unemployment registers.

For multitudes of working men and women the question of whether they will starve on the dole or prosper on overtime money depends on what women will want to wear in two or three months' time.

Lucky the people who make goods for the comfort, convenience or delectation of men. At least they are not so likely to be thrown on the scrap-heap of industry through some sudden change of fashion.

TRYING TIMES

EMERGENCIES of one kind and another arise in the lives of most of us. None of us is exempt from the little happenings and events that go to make life difficult.

The secret surely is that nothing should be left undone that will strengthen us.

One who has discovered this is a reader who resides in Kennington Road, London, S.E.1, who not so long ago experienced what she very aptly describes as being a "very trying time."

We all know to our cost what a "trying time" is, of course, when an accident happens, or a fire breaks out, or, as happened in this instance, when the breadwinner of the family is taken ill and is unable to carry on with his customary work or business.

That's the time when we are prone to remember all the things we have left undone!

You know how true that is, for you have, without the slightest doubt, experienced such an event. In the case of the Kennington Road reader, her husband was taken ill with diphtheria, so that he he was absent in an isolation hospital for weeks.

It was a sudden calamity that left her in sole charge of their home, with very little coming in to meet bills, pay rent and generally keep the ship afloat.

But in the hour of her distress she thought of our free insurance scheme, and being a registered reader she wrote and told us all about her trouble.

"I am taking this opportunity to thank you for the cheque," she writes. "The money was a great help, and I shall recommend JOHN BULL to my friends."

We have no occasion to add to that, other than to say that the coupon is on page 5, upon signing which, when you have handed it to your nearest newsagent, you will have added to your sense of security, and done something towards meeting the unexpected emergency.

It costs you nothing, so don't delay.

WHATEVER YOUR JOB, LET 'LYBRO' OVERALL YOU

•Manufactured by Workwear Limited, Liverpool•

Hare, D.3.

. . . till her friend brought sandwiches in a Persil-washed serviette!

You can always pick out Persil-washed things — they're *obviously* whiter. And there's a very good reason why they should be! Persil is more than soap — it's soap *plus oxygen*. That means that Persil does twice as good a washing job as any ordinary soap or powder can. Persil's oxygen goes bubbling right through the weave of the fabric — removing the rubbed-in greyness that ordinary washing leaves behind. No wonder Persil-washed things look so delightfully clean and white!

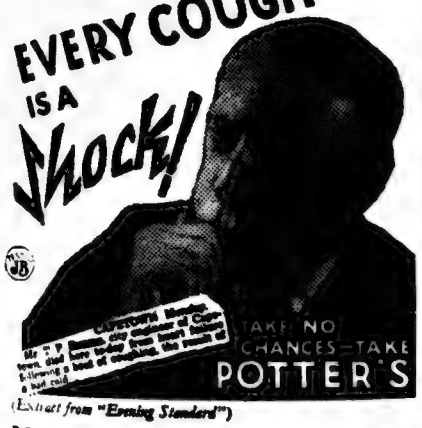
THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

PER 504-364-65

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

EVERY COUGH IS A Shock!



(Extract from "Evening Standard")

Medical men agree that coughing is a violent shock to the system . . . often a severe strain on the heart.

Why run this risk? Keep POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES handy — they break up the cold that causes coughing. If you have already a cold they soften the coughing . . . releasing soothing vapours that melt the phlegm, clear nasal and bronchial tracts and moisten dry rasped membranes.

At the first sign of a cold take a pastille and note the *instant relief*. Invaluable when travelling—they're such a protection against catching cold even if you are "free."

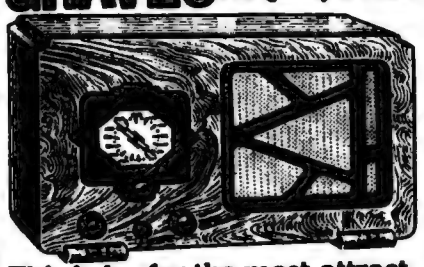
★ INSTANT RELIEF for NASAL CATARRH, THROAT COUGH, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, HAY FEVER, ETC.

Buy a handy 1/3 tin at any Chemists or Stores, or 1/4½ post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE Ltd.
81.S Artillery Ln., London, E.1
(*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure*)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



This is by far the most attractive Wireless value ever offered. THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SCREENED GRID SELF-CONTAINED BATTERY-DRIVEN 3-VALVE RECEIVER gives all you want in Radio, at a price and on Terms you can easily afford.

8/- NOW

It is a Set of great power and proved efficiency, simple in operation and dependable in results. Every component is the best of its class, including Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils, Double Circuit Tuning, Silver-plated Contact Switches, Full Vision Illuminated Dial, British Valves, 120-volt H.T. Battery, large capacity 2-volt plate type Accumulator, Permanent Magnet Loud Speaker of the new Nickel Aluminium type, All Steel Chassis. Tastefully designed Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 18½x10x8½. Everything complete, including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination. £7.12.0

Terms: 8/- now and 18 monthly payments of 8/-.

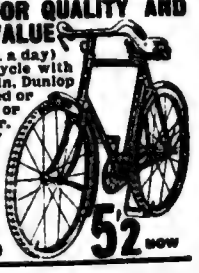
IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. A. H. L., of Clapham, S.W. 4, writes:—'I cannot find words more appropriate than to say that I shall come to Graves in the near future and recommend you as I have done since our first transaction. Your 3-Valve Set still gives me hours of entertainment, and I have tried a comparison with numerous others, and can honestly say your product is unsurpassed in tone, (true to life) selectivity, and for trouble-free reception.'

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

52/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Your kidneys are filters. They keep the system healthy. But there are times when, owing to a chill, illness or advancing age, they function badly. They weaken, with the result that your system is poisoned with excess uric acid. Your blood stream becomes tainted, unaccustomed aches and pains make you miserable and cloud your nights and days. That poison in the blood is a serious danger to health. It will continue to be so whilst the menace of kidney trouble remains unchecked.

You cannot be well if your kidneys are ailing.

Backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica—all these painful ills arise from the one cause—kidney trouble. *Remove that cause!* Kidney trouble yields almost like magic to a remedy that has behind it fifty years of public approval—De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. They act directly on the kidneys, cleanse them, strengthen them and help them to carry out their work of removing uric acid from the system. Within 24 hours of taking the first few De Witts Pills you will know they have acted on the kidneys. Then comes a feeling of fitness, telling you that your system is being rid of the harmful uric acid that attacked your muscles and joints. Take De Witts Pills and once again enjoy life.

DE WITTS BRAND KIDNEY & BLADDER **PILLS**

NEW TRIAL SIZE 1/3 Economy Sizes 3/- & 5/-

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

About Your Indigestion

. . . Is your trouble

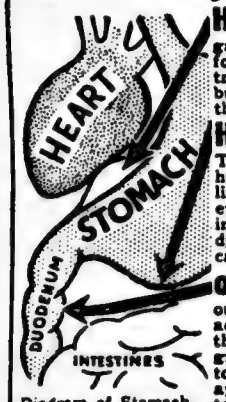


Diagram of Stomach, Intestines and Heart.

HERE Painful distension of the stomach by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

HERE Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

or HERE Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the lining of the duodenum. Agonising gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly afterwards.

De Witt's Antacid Powder **Firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly the Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price **1/6**

When My Conscience said 'NO'

WHILE soldiering in India a few years ago my conscience—backed up by a sense of sportsmanship—saved me from a trial for, at least, manslaughter. It was at a little railway station in the Punjab, and in the dusk I was one of a shooting party awaiting a train.

The vague forms of prowling jackals a short distance away gave me the idea of taking back a "brush" for the sergeants mess, so, after loading with buckshot, I lay prone and aimed at the nearest shadowy figure.

The shot, however, was too easy. My unsuspecting victim had slowly approached to within ten yards, and it was like shooting a sitting bird, so feeling rather ashamed I unloaded.

The "jackal" turned out to be a naked little native boy, toddling back from the fields to his station-master father.—*C. E. W., Rhondda.*

Enduring Reward

As owner of the only remaining field in a fast growing city suburb, I had practically agreed on its sale to the Council for use as a children's recreation ground.

When, however, a representative of a building syndicate offered a much larger sum for the ground I was strongly tempted to make a deal. But conscience urged upon me the need of many youngsters for a safe playground, and I relented and sold it to the Council.

Now the laughter of boys and girls as they sail toy boats on the little lake or merrily romp is my enduring reward.—*Derrick, Birmingham.*

Saved

Whilst matron of a maternity home, my own daughter became a patient. The night her baby was born I wondered miserably how we should face the disgrace—for she was not married.

At the same time, another patient had a still-born child, and I was assailed with a terrible temptation. How easy it would be for me—in charge of the ward—to change the two babies, for neither mother knew as yet anything about her child.

Then mother instinct saved me from committing this crime; my conscience would not permit. How glad I am.—*Mrs. B., Purley.*

Just in Time

As the car sped along my friend and I were horror-stricken to see a man lying in the road in what was obviously blood oozing from his clothes and forming a pool in the roadway.

We didn't stop, for there was no one near, and we feared we might be accused of knocking him down. A mile further along the road conscience pricked, and going back we saved the man's life by a matter of minutes.

He was a farmer who had accidentally shot himself through carrying his gun carelessly.—*G. B. M., Oxon.*

"Catch Him!"

A minute to go, and no score. Like lightning he raced down the field and beat me at full back easily.

Spite said, "Catch him, bring him down; a penalty isn't as bad as a goal," but a sportsman's conscience interrupted, "Play fair."

He steadied himself; the crowd thundered "Goal!" and so it was. My dreams of receiving a medal from the mayor's hands vanished, but my character as a clean player remained.—"Tim," Castletown.

Appreciated

Taking tea at a Shropshire cottage I got interested in an old musical-box inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Careful questioning made certain my belief that it was rare, valuable—even though its repertoire was only three tunes.

"I'd take £2 for it. It was my mother's, but I've got the wireless, so I never use the old thing," said the motherly old owner.

Business, avarice, call it what one may, urged "Clinch the deal," but conscience demurred—for she was old and poor. I sold it for £15, and the £1 she pressed on me was appreciated: more so the gratitude in her eyes.—*H. R., Durham.*

Unquestioned Report

For some years I courted a girl whom I loved passionately, and looked forward to the day when I would graduate from college and marry her.

Then I learned that she had accepted a proposal of marriage from another. In due course it happened that a boy born of the marriage passed through the school where I served. Came his final year, after which he would proceed to college.

I knew that on my unquestioned report of his work depended his chance of sitting for the entrance examination. An adverse report would give satisfaction to my injured feelings. Then—my inner self said "No."—*L. N., Dundee.*

Overheard

Having omitted to make some alterations on an important order I was in danger of being discharged. The junior clerk had given me the instruction verbally, and I knew that my denial of having received them would be accepted.

To my shame, I hesitated, thinking of my wife and child. Then driven by conscience, I admitted the error.

It saved my job, for by chance the junior partner had overheard the clerk giving me the instructions, and though he condoned my mistake, he would certainly not have forgiven the meanness of trying to shift the blame.—*H. S., Brighton.*

Poorer, But—

Long ago, when I was a lad of fourteen, I was tempted in a manner I shall never forget.

I put a penny in a slot machine on Birmingham G.W.R. platform, and when I pulled out the drawer containing the chocolate I found that the receptacle underneath was open, too.

It was crammed full of pennies. I looked round—nobody was watching me. I put forward my hand, when that quiet, but insistent, voice whispered, "No!" and I moved away, poorer, but richer.—*"Joseph," Midlands.*

Doubly Glad

It was my initial effort as a cross-country runner. The hot pace I had started had left me footsore and weary, but well ahead of my competitors.

Suddenly a cheery voice bid me enter the car which had drawn up beside me. I hesitated and entered upon a tussle with my conscience.

When a mile further on I saw that motorist lying beneath his wrecked car I was doubly glad I had listened to my conscience saying "No."—*H. E., Staffs.*

Real Truth

Twenty-one years ago, when the yellow grain lay in sheaves of burnished gold on the rolling Cotswold Hills, they said that Justice and Right were at stake.

The war, they argued, was a war to end war. My conscience would not believe them; peace, it said, could never be purchased with life and limb. But, heedless of the inner voice, I marched away to earthly hell.

Now, with the fires of a fresh conflagration reddening the horizon, I know the real truth.

The statesmen were wrong, my conscience right.—*M. D., West Country.*

* * *

My conscience rebelled when my employer, a married man, asked me to elope with him.—*Miss F. P., Stroud Green.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on October 12

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Chelsea v. ARSENAL.
(2) Grimsby v. Sunderland.
(3) LEEDS v. W. B. Albion.
**(4) LIVERPOOL v. Birmingham.
(5) MIDDLESBRO v. Huddersfield.
*(6) PORTSMOUTH v. Brentford.
(7) Wednesday v. Derby County.
(8) STOKE v. Preston.
(9) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Everton.
*(10) ASTON VILLA v. Bolton.
(11) Blackburn v. MANCHESTER C.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Bury v. Leicester.
(2) DONCASTER v. Bradford.
(3) MANCHESTER U. v. Fulham.
(4) NEWCASTLE v. Charlton.
(5) Norwich v. Port Vale.
(6) Forest v. Southampton.
(7) PLYMOUTH v. Barnsley.
(8) HOTSPUR v. Burnley.
*(9) WEST HAM v. Swansea.
(10) BLACKPOOL v. Sheffield U.
(11) BRADFORD C. v. Hull.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) CARDIFF v. Notts County.
*(2) C. PALACE v. Orient.
(3) Gillingham v. LUTON.
(4) Millwall v. Swindon.
*(5) NORTHAMPTON v. Southend.
(6) Q. P. Rangers v. Exeter.
**(7) READING v. Bristol R.
(8) TOPQUAY v. Aldershot.
(9) WATFORD v. Newport.
(10) BRIGHTON v. Boscombe.
(11) Bristol C. v. COVENTRY.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) HALIFAX v. Darlington.
(2) Hartlepools v. Crewe.
(3) MANSFIELD v. Carlisle.
(4) N. Brighton v. CHESTER.
**(5) OLDHAM v. Gateshead.
(6) ROTHERHAM v. Walsall.
*(7) STOCKPORT v. Accrington.
(8) Wrexham v. Tranmere.
(9) YORK v. Rochdale.
(10) Barrow v. Lincoln.
**(11) CHESTERFIELD v. Southport.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Ayr v. St. Johnstone.
(2) CELTIC v. Clyde.
(3) Dundee v. Kilmarnock.
(4) Dunfermline v. HAMILTON.
(5) Hibernian v. ALBION.
(6) MOTHERWELL v. Hearts.
*(7) PARTICK v. Queen's Park.
(8) Third Lanark v. Rangers.
(9) Airdrie v. Queen of South.
*(10) Arbroath v. ABERDEEN.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*); Div. II.—9 (*H*); Southern Section—11 (*A*); Northern Section—5 (*H*); Scottish League—10 (*A*) would indicate Liverpool, West Ham, Coventry, Oldham and Aberdeen.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, October 15.

War's Worst Horror—and Why.

"I was an UNWANTED WIFE"

It was she—the other woman

"MY Bob whom I loved so and who was the father of my two darling children, was losing interest in me. He seldom stayed in evenings, and when he was at home he was cross and irritable with me. Then one evening I learned about—the other woman. I thought my heart would break, and when my sister Louise came to visit us, I told her all my troubles. She gave me wonderful advice. "Motherhood and housework have simply played havoc with your face, Bess," she said. "No man likes to come home to a wrinkled, old, tired-looking wife. But do not lose heart, for I know a quick and easy way to get rid of those wrinkles and have once again the clear, fresh, youthful skin that made you so fascinating a bride. She then told me her secret which was to use Tokalon Biocel Skinfood every night. I tried it and I was amazed at the change it made in my skin at once. In a few weeks all of my wrinkles disappeared and I looked like a young girl again. Now my Bob says he is in love with me more than ever before." The secret of Tokalon Biocel Skinfood is that it contains the natural youth-giving substance, called biocel, which is found in every skin. When the skin loses its natural biocel wrinkles form; when biocel is restored wrinkles disappear. Biocel is now extracted from young animals according to the formula of Prof. Dr. Karl Stejskal of the University of Vienna and contained in Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. By using it every night any woman can quickly get rid of wrinkles, rejuvenate an aged and faded skin and look 10 to 20 years younger. Successful results are guaranteed or money refunded.

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M. J. MURPHY.

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Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation. Kotalko nourishes and feeds the hair organism reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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ADDRESS .....

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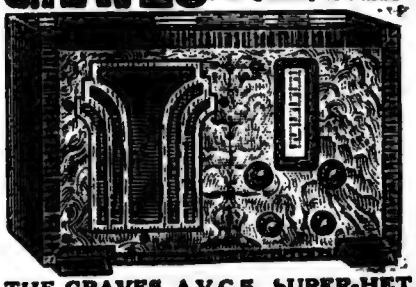

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WRITE DIRECT—NO AGENTS

THE KID

NATURALIST (Kew).—"What happens in the wood world after autumn arrives?" Autumn leaves.

CRUISER (Southampton).—"When the ship turned she heeled over to one side." Perhaps she had a heavy passenger list.

P. P. (Basingstoke).—"Raising the dead is not the only miracle." No, there's raising the wind, brother.

W. L. (Bolton).—"What is it that makes the stars hot?" The fear that their salaries are going to be reduced.

L. C. (Aldershot).—"Retaining the services of a wit like you must be very expensive." Dear me!

S. L. (Bury).—"Apples will keep longer if placed on a very high shelf." Nonsense! Every small boy can climb.

S. C. (West Bromwich).—"What does a clerk feel like the first day back in the office after a glorious fortnight by the sea?" Another holiday.

CAUSTIC (Glasgow).—"If a woman is intent on going to a wedding no man can stop her." Particularly if it's her wedding.

JOHN (Barrow).—"In order to show the audience what he could do, the strong man lifted me shoulder high with one hand." He held you up as an example.

MEDICO (Worcester).—"The patient admitted having swallowed the pin, but he refused to say where the pain was." So you couldn't get anything out of him?

DETECTIVE (Scotland Yard).—"A burglar who had remorse after stealing a marble timepiece was arrested while trying to replace it." He ought to have known that no one can put back the clock.

HUBBY (Glasgow).—"There are few more awkward moments for a man than when his wife finds in his pocket a letter he has forgotten to post." Unless when she finds one he has forgotten to burn.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Greenwich).—"The modern girl's pursuit after a prospective husband has slowed down considerably of late." Especially when she has driven her sports car into a built-up area.

C. T. C. (Luton).—"I read that a man left home because his wife always gave him a cold dinner." Others leave home because their wives make it too hot for them.

F. O. (Bromley).—"I would play golf, only I hate it when the ball leaves the fairway and goes into gorse and long grass." You must learn to take the rough with the smooth.

BUSINESS (Northampton).—"I was called away on an important matter just as I was preparing to enter a swimming-pool from a high diving-board." Some people have all the luck.

EXPLORER (Brentford).—"When I knotted my handkerchief at the corners and put it on my head, the savages thought it was a sign of warfare." But you kept a cool head.

A. N. (Kenton).—"An African missionary relates that when he first visited a savage tribe they didn't know what to make of him." It's just as well none of them happened to have a cookery book handy at the time.

TRIPPER (Newquay).—"The fishermen here station one of their number, called a 'huer,' at the top of a high headland to warn them of the arrival of the shoals of fish. I don't envy them their exposed position." Well, that's their look-out.

GARDENER (Sparkford).—"My flower beds have burned up this year and to prevent this happening next year I am thinking of planting a tree to give them shade and moisture. Can you tell me what to plant?" What about a weeping ash?

The Editor~Laughs Last

Simple (St. Osyth).—"When I am married I shall expect the wife to close one eye if I come home late from the club." She probably will!

INVESTOR (Balham).—"Which business gives the quickest returns?" Boxing.

S. M. (Hammersmith).—"Taxi passengers are very patient." Unless driven too far.

S. M. (Manchester).—"Camels are naturally gloomy animals." Always got the hump.

M. J. (Swansea).—"Everyone in my circle of friends heard of my misfortune." It went round.

T. J. (Wimbledon).—"My hedge is as tall as I am. Do you think I ought to clip it?" It's up to you.

S. L. (Darwen).—"I started life as a knocker-up and now I am an auctioneer." A knocker-down.

M. E. (Ipswich).—"A person exploring the caves round our coasts takes his life in his hand." And, of course, a torch.

N. L. (Doncaster).—"The greyhound I've just bought is called Nudist and ought to win me a fine packet one day." You should certainly put your shirt on it.

GROCER (Stockport).—"When I retire at the end of the year I have arranged that my business shall be managed by my four sons." So you've made provision for them?

W. T. (Truro).—"Owing to straining my arm in a rowing match my doctor has advised me never to row again." That was a bad stroke for you, then.

MRS. E. (St. Albans).—"A neighbour of mine tells me that her husband often sits in the woods all night listening to the nightingales." We wonder what excuse he makes in the winter.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

D. L. (Dulwich).—"There are many journals in the tailoring trade." The trouser press.

J. G. (Epsom).—"My wages were paid to me last week in five-shilling pieces." So you are earning big money?

G. A. (Epsom).—"I hear that hobble-skirts are coming back." Strange how some things get round!

F. P. (Redbourn).—"A friend of mine named Serge is a brilliant fellow." With a name like that, he's bound to shine.

T. N. (Colne).—"I dreamed last night that I was scratch man in a mile handicap race." So you were glad when you woke up with a start?

G. S. (Tamworth).—"I can't think what some people can see in those large ripe plums." Maggots and wasps, in a good many cases.

P. G. (Hampstead).—"My daughter's singing lessons have cost me nearly £500." It isn't often that the neighbours demand so much compensation.

H. J. (Edgware).—"You should try unsweetened lemon for getting the weight down." But how do you get the lemon down?

ALEC (Battersea).—"It is dangerous for cyclists to ride close behind each other in traffic." Unless, of course, they are on a tandem.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Cardiff).—"There are well-nigh a dozen things which cause one woman to scratch another." We know—her finger-nails.

E. I. (Cheam).—"Would you expect a monument to be erected to you if you flew the Atlantic?" No, we should be satisfied if we just got across!

J. G. T. (Liverpool).—"To be truly hygienic, housewives should place in their dustbins only refuse that is clean and free from decay." Pure, unadulterated rubbish!

GEORGE (Hampstead).—"What should I do if, immediately after ordering a luncheon in an expensive restaurant, I discover that my money has run out?" Do likewise.

MRS. W. (Herne Bay).—"We all admire the young man who rises when the rays of the sun peep through his bedroom window." Unless, of course, his window happens to face West.

SHEEP-SHEARER (Exeter).—"Whilst travelling in a train the other day, two men tried to catch me on the three-card trick, but I wasn't having any." They didn't manage to fleece you, then?

C. K. (Ealing).—"I am a man of few words, but I mean what I say." Splendid—you sound the sort to capture that £650 and Radio offered for two, three or four words on page 47.

COCKEREL (Broadstone).—"I started a poultry farm five years ago on a capital of just £40 and have managed to keep going up to now without looking back." You have had a good run for your money.

ARCHITECT (Hull).—"I have just designed a house with circular rooms and you would be surprised to see how convenient everything is." A good all-round house in fact.

F. L. (Moorgate).—"It is pleasant to return to the office and be congratulated on your bronzed complexion." Although hearty slaps on the back sometimes lead to pugilistic reprisals when the shoulder-blades are still at the sensitive stage of sunburn.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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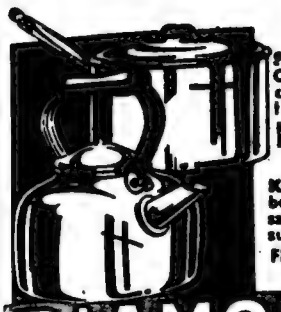

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Beechams Powders

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 powders 1/3d. Single Powders 2d. each. A Beecham Product.

Exact size

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

Our Great Offer to Traders!

Record Must-be-Won First Prize

£1,000 FOR A WINDOW DISPLAY!

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS for a window display! That is the colossal prize—the largest award of its kind ever made—that you are given the opportunity of winning in the Great National Window Display Contest launched by "John Bull," pioneer of Window Display Contests. Besides this world's record First Prize there are over one thousand cash and other awards waiting to be won.

These include a Second Prize of £100, a Third Prize of £50, Five Prizes of Five Guineas each, and Fifty Prizes of One Guinea each. Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals will be awarded to the dressers of the first, second and third winning displays respectively.

NO ENTRANCE FEE

There is no entrance fee, no irksome restrictions, absolutely nothing to pay. All you are asked to do is to first send the Form on page 31 for your Contest Entry Outfit, then select any single product advertised in "John Bull" at any time between October 1st and December 31st, 1935, and make a special display of that product in your window. Your display must remain in position for not less than one week between the above dates. You then send in a photograph of your display to "John Bull," together with the Entry Label that is included with your Contest Outfit. **That is all! The Contest is simplicity itself.** Every competitor starts on equal terms. No lavish display is necessary. A simple idea may win you a fortune.

WHETHER YOUR SHOP IS LARGE OR SMALL

No matter how large or small your window, you have as good an opportunity of winning that mammoth £1,000 First Prize as any other competitor. **You cannot fail to benefit by entering this great National Contest.** During the period of the Contest—October 1st to December 31st—the attention of millions of customers will be focused on the shops that make "John Bull" Window Displays. Besides the opportunity to win a gigantic prize, this "John Bull" Window Display Campaign brings you the certainty of splendid publicity and extra sales. Someone MUST win that £1,000. Why shouldn't it be YOU? **If you have not already sent an application, post the Form on Page 31 NOW.**

Turn to Page 31 and send the Application Form AT ONCE

INDIGESTION is Not Necessary

Many sufferers believe that indigestion is unavoidable. While it is true that modern life, with its rush and worry places a tremendous strain on the digestion, it is positively not necessary to accept indigestion as inevitable.

Modern medical science has worked wonders in relieving suffering, and indigestion is easily avoided by taking 'Milk of Magnesia.'

For stomach troubles: indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue and nausea there is no finer remedy than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous—instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Be careful to ask for '*MILK* of Magnesia.' There is nothing "just as good."

Of all Chemists.

Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small.

Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. In Handy Tin — Compact and Thin. 1/- per box — also family size bottle 2/-; of all chemists.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

HER ANÆMIC DAUGHTER.

Girl Who Had to Give Up Work.

"For over a year my daughter suffered from anæmia," states Mrs. E. Green, of 50, Dennis Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. "She was pale and languid, had no appetite and lost much weight. Her nerves were in a bad state and she could not sleep. Although we tried all kinds of remedies, my daughter grew worse and worse until at last she had to give up her work.

"A relative strongly recommended Dr. Williams pink pills, and my daughter started taking them. Soon we could see a definite improvement; her appetite came back, the colour returned to her cheeks, and she regained her brightness. Now my daughter's health is splendid; she sleeps well, is always ready for her meals, and thoroughly enjoys life—the difference in her is marvellous."

The reason for the remarkable success of Dr. Williams brand pink pills in the treatment of anæmia is really quite simple; it is this: these pills actually create new, rich blood, which is absolutely essential to restore health and strength to the anæmic girl—nothing else can do it.

If you are a victim of anæmia, try Dr. Williams pink pills; you will be surprised at the quick improvement in your health. But ask for Dr. Williams; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). If you do not benefit, the proprietors will refund your money.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-

GRAVES Best in the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

VERNON This fashionable Coat is splendidly tailored in excellent quality Teddy Bear Cloth, and is available in three shades—Fawn, Brown, and Navy. Carefully cut in double-breasted semi-fitting style with Broadway collar, flap pockets, button-trimmed half belt at back, and lined throughout with plain Artificial Silk to tone. A comfortable garment of handsome appearance and assured durability, suitable for wear on all outdoor occasions. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 33 to 38in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. Terms: 2/9 Monthly. 26/6

3/9 Monthly

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Coats, Costumes, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

FINAL BATCH OF RADIOS with FINE PENSION and FORTUNE WAITING FOR SOLVING "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500

OR ONE JUMP £850 CASH

SUPERB FERRANTI £8·18·6 RADIO

Suitable for either A.C. or D.C. mains

PRESENTED WITH EACH PRIZE OF OVER £3

£100 Between All Runners-up

325

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise award with £1 Bonus Offer.

TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30

A LITTLE extra attention to the entertaining Clues below may well bring a Radio to you – but it can bring you a Fortune and Pension as well! Win outright with better solving than any other competitor, as 78 other entrants have done already; then you will be able to sit back and enjoy your Radio, plan what to do with £500 in cash and think with relief that "John Bull" will go on paying you 30s. every week for the rest of your life.

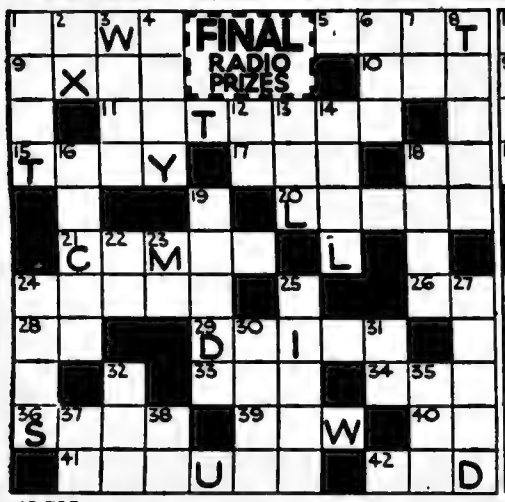
Remember that you do not necessarily have to provide an all-correct Solution to capture a "John Bull" Radio, for Runners-up may also secure a fine "Ferranti" in addition to a share of £100 cash. In a recent Contest, for instance, each of the 17 Runners-up secured one of these splendid Sets besides a "John Bull" cheque for over £5.

With a big Cash-plus-Radio prize within your reach, tackle this week's puzzle without delay. Care and common-sense are all you need to win a place in this fine prize-list. But an exciting Joy Wire cannot come to you on Thursday, October 24, unless your squares are in "John Bull's" hands by noon on Thursday, October 17.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. weekly and £500 in cash (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct Solution the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct Solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution. An All-mains "Ferranti" Universal Radio Set will accompany each cash prize exceeding £3 in this Contest. A Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 24, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 31.

Winners in Competition No. 323 appear on page 2. Solution and winners in Competition No. 324 and solution of Competition No. 325 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 24.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 325—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1935.



JB·325

JB·325

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 325—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1935.

JB·325

JB·325

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 325, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

Free Help for X-word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2., or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Theatre seats are placed in these
5. Lancashire's cotton trade is going this
9. This is the way out
10. Lifeboatmen face rough one
11. Are given to armies
15. To beginning of trap add tail of donkey
17. By way of
18. Starts fever and ends life
20. Happy couple's are in harmony
21. The raised part is its distinguishing mark
24. Many do, on thin ice
26. In both odds and ends
28. In cress and indigestible
29. What it provides should never have bad flavour
33. Sets earlier as winter approaches
34. Use an animal in paper
36. Let dried fruit do this before cooking
39. Such bread is freshly baked
40. Both ends of eagle
41. Pigs burrow into ground with these
42. Softens life's bumps for you

DOWN

1. Family's one room means little
2. Chews the cud in Oxford [over this
3. Much of the world's business is said to be done
4. Wife's mother extends hers willingly
6. Look in glass and find donkey
7. Conclusion of case
8. Thinking out new ones to raise money is difficult
12. Trim end off ivy
13. Makes machine run smoothly
14. Is often hit on the head
16. These give you shelter from wind
18. Big one may well end party
19. Nurseryman's catalogue reminds gardener of his
22. You see its patrols on the roads
23. Remove centre of mat
24. What mother does to torn clothes
25. Road-hog doesn't treat them seriously
27. Cowboy goes to rescue with this
30. Your father's sister
31. Half yard in yacht
32. Is conspicuous in ball-room to-day
35. Vegetable and flower
37. Two letters in post
38. It's O.K. the other way round

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 17, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 31, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, November 12, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

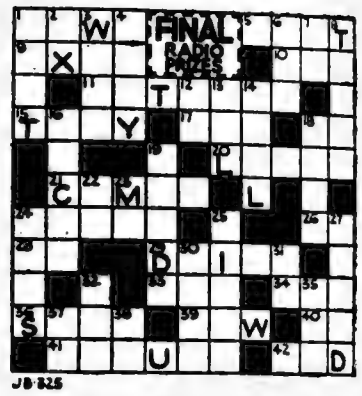
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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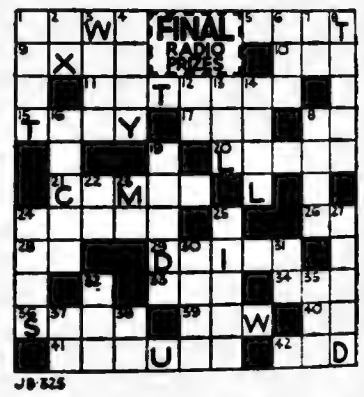

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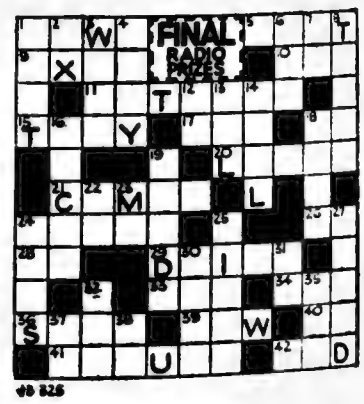

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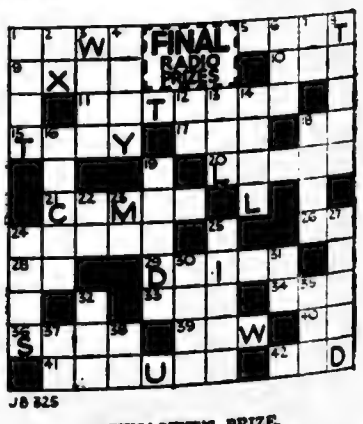
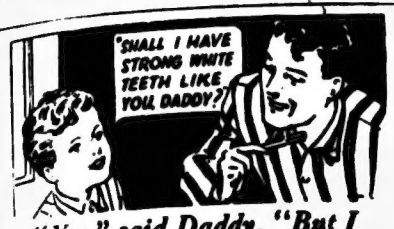


JB·325

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull."



"Yes," said Daddy, "But I nearly lost my Ivory Castles once"

Before Daddy realised his teeth were Ivory Castles he didn't like cleaning them, and two decay imps called in old Giant Decay to help destroy one of them.

But by the time Giant Decay came rushing up on his Dragon Dirt, Daddy had learned about Gibbs and the Gibbs Archer was on guard. Just in time.

Along came the Gibbs Fairies and cleaned up the neglected castle until it was white and strong again. You should have seen old Giant Decay scuttle off.

So, ever since, Daddy has let the Gibbs Fairies clean and purify his Ivory Castles twice a day. A splendid habit for everyone, grown-ups and children alike.

No germ can threaten teeth cleaned twice a day with Gibbs Dentifrice. Gibbs dissolves film without harming the enamel. It has a delightful flavour and is economical in use. Let Gibbs Dentifrice be your family choice. Change to Gibbs to-day.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d, 1/- & 1/6. Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes - - - 6d & 1/-

GDt00S

WHY DO 30,000 MEN AND WOMEN RUN LITTLEWOOD CLUBS?

What do they get out of it?

"Drawing for turns" is an exciting moment in a Littlewood Club!

Mr. John Moores says:

"I know that a great many men and women would like to make a regular income in their spare time. I also know they do not want to "canvass", nor to do ill-paid mechanical work at home.

"Organising a Littlewood Thrifty Shilling Club is a very different matter. 30,000 men and women, now running Littlewood Clubs, know how worth-while it is! They secure an easy, sure, regular, spare-time income all the year round—and

in a pleasant and dignified way. They win the respect and trust of friends and workmates. They make new friends. They become 'LEADERS' in their circle.

"They often tell us how proud they are to be Organisers of Littlewood Clubs!

THE EASY WAY TO FORM A CLUB

"The right way to start is just to show the Littlewood Wonder Catalogue to family and friends and workmates. It speaks for itself. It makes people want to join your Club! 368 pages, true-to-life illustrations, many in full colours; and packed from end to end with solid substantial goods at astoundingly low prices!

Thrifty housewives who know 'values' are amazed at what we give for the money. There is something for everyone in this Catalogue — something to delight every housewife, every girl, and every man you know. The goods from Littlewood's will do you credit with your friends!

"The Littlewood Catalogue, value 4/–, is offered FREE. Also Free, a Complete Outfit of forms and stationery, all printed with your name and address—and Booklet showing you the easy way to form a Club. In fact, we help the Organiser in every possible way.

"Commission and Cash Bonuses amount to £2 per Club. Punctually paid—no waiting! There are also 'extras' from time to time.

"NO CAPITAL, NO EXPENSE, NO RISK. And on top of all that **you will get a pleasure and satisfaction from running your Littlewood Club which is far beyond money!**

BUT IT ISN'T EVERY MAN OR WOMAN

who is fitted to be an Organiser of Littlewood Clubs. I do not invite all and sundry to be Organisers. I am always looking for the man and woman a little above friends and workmates in energy and initiative, and in the wish to be a Leader.

"If you are that man, or that woman, post me the Coupon below".

John Moores
Managing Director.

FREE COUPON

Please answer these questions: Are you energetic?..... Have you a circle of (say) 10 or 12 friends?..... Do you think you would be able to go round amongst friends and form them into a 20-Week Club?.....

Please send me, FREE, your 368-page Wonder Catalogue (value 4/-) Complete Outfit, printed with my name and address; Hints on forming a club; and particulars of Commission and Cash Bonuses. I am over 21 years of age.

Full Name.....
(Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

County.....

J.B.11/MR 5

POST IN UNSEALED ENVELOPE 2d STAMP TO

Littlewood I'-Clubs

LITTLEWOODS MAIL ORDER STORES LTD. DIRECTORS: JOHN MOORES; CECIL MOORES

OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3.

"'Guide and Ideas' the only help I use"

says winner of £2,000 X-WORD

"*Guide and Ideas* is the only competition help I use regularly. I am only too glad to acknowledge the assistance I have had from All Square's analysis in *Guide and Ideas*."

This is the tribute paid to *Guide and Ideas* by Mr. Fred Wharton of Manchester, winner of £2,000 outright in a recent Crossword.

***Guide and Ideas* can help *you* to win, too. Each issue contains helpful articles, expert advice and solutions for "John Bull's" Crossword and all other big newspaper crosswords, also Bullets, Doublits, Roundabouts, Nutshells and other contests in which over £10,000 must be won.**

Foremost Football Forecasts

Make your football pay with *Guide and Ideas* unrivalled forecasts—they cover ALL POOLS and PLAIN COUPONS.

The Autumn Double

Don't miss the special naps and selections for the week's racing in Monday's *Guide and Ideas*. Final selections for the Autumn Double and last words on the Cesarewitch by Captain Kay and Sunstar.

Be sure you get

Guide & Ideas

FOR COMPETITORS

EVERY MONDAY - - - - PRICE 2d.

STEAK and ONIONS gave him £700 IDEA!

War Pensioner's chat with "John Bull's" representative

Mr. F. T. Licence and a friend

WHILE a group of men were chatting one recent Friday evening in Dover, they were joined by another, who started telling of his wins at the races.

"You ought to have a bet, you know," he said to one of the group, a war pensioner. "I've just collected 30s."

"Not good enough for me," said the pensioner, taking a telegram from his pocket. "Look at this—it tells me that I've collected £700 just for writing a few words!"

* * *

That was the story told me with great glee, writes a JOHN BULL representative, by Mr. F. T. Licence, when I called to congratulate him on winning the splendid First Prize of £700 and a Millionaire's Week-end in London for Two in our 999th *Bullets* Contest.

"You should have seen my friend's face change," said this forty-five-year-old winner, as we chatted at his home, 50, Leyburne Road, Dover. "But he soon made up his mind. 'After this,' he said, 'I'm going in for *Bullets*.'

"Quite a lot of my friends have made up their minds that it would pay them to give some time to *Bullets*," Mr. Licence remarked, "particularly when I've told them that just a simple incident in my home produced my £700 idea." Then this cheery bachelor explained how he constructed his ingenious *Bullet*. OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN—AROMA, A ROMANCE AROSE. Trying to bring to mind what came out of a frying-pan, he recalled the smell of steak and onions which were cooked for dinner the previous day, and so he hit on the word "aroma." Working on that word gave him the rest of his *Bullet*, which was written on the only coupon he entered.

"My previous wins consisted only of two 'Targets' and a Red Seal Prize," he told me. "But until I started getting *Bullets Bulletin* last Christmas I hadn't won anything. That set me on the way to success."

Because he is still feeling the effects of wounds received while in the Tank Corps, Mr. Licence told me that he would not be able to take advantage of the opportunity to come to London for the Millionaire's Week-end. "But with the extra security and comfort that £700 will provide," he assured me cheerfully, "I'll feel as happy as any millionaire."

Security and comfort to-day await the sender of the best *Bullet* for this week's contest, in which a £650 First Prize and many Cash-plus-Radio awards are about to be distributed by JOHN BULL. See that your entry is in by Saturday, October 19.

"BULLETS" GIANT 23rd BIRTHDAY OFFER COMING

Who wants £3,000 Cash, any Car value up to £200 and a Millionaire's Week in London as a celebration?

This huge 3-in-1 prize, or 3,000 Guineas, will head "Bullets" 23rd Birthday Offer for Competition No. 1,005; Record Array of 100 Cash-plus-Radiogram Awards, thousands of other prizes and Unique Christmas Bonus Offer will complete this colossal Birthday Celebration coming.

STUDY THESE WINNING STYLES

THE successful efforts in *Bullets* 1,000th Contest are not due to appear on this page until next week. In order, therefore, that before you start on your Cash-plus-Radio *Bullets* you should have a clear idea of what the judges want, we recall some big winners in recent contests.

Study their varying styles, carefully noting how closely each effort fits its *Example* and how clearly its meaning is expressed.

MILLIONAIRE'S PROBLEM
AND MINE, "AVOIDING NOTICE."

GIRL IN THE TRAIN
MADE "ROOM"—LATER, HOME.

WHEN THE VICAR CALLS
MOTHER STRENGTHENS *His* "FAITH."

WHAT HE'S WORTH
CUPID DOESN'T CARE TWOPENCE.

SLUM KIDDIE
DESERVES "MORE OF COUNTRY."

OVER EUROPE
UNDERSTANDING—OR NOTHING STANDING.

UP THE LADDER
SONNY—THANKS TO "WARNINGS"!

WHEN THE PRINCE ARRIVED
"MADE ONE" OF US.

ANOTHER WAR
CIVILISING BLACKS? — BLACKENING CIVILISATION!

MAN IN A CELL
WRONG "TURNING" AGAINST HIM.

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY
LAST BREATH "FILLS SAILS."

NURSES
PAID TRIBUTES—PAY'S INSULT.

GOOD BOOK
LIFE, DEDICATED TO *Friendless*.

WORKS LIKE MAGIC
FEELING DOWN, KNEELING DOWN.

AGAINST HER
I "STUMBLED"—*Not* SORRY!

YOU NEED THIS TEACHER, TOO!

"THIS little gem, couched in language immediately intelligible to the average person, seems to me to combine the dual function of expert instructor and cheery well-wisher. A teacher, in fact, armed with a prize instead of a cane!"

These are the words of Mr. F. J. Woodward, 131, Gorseway, Romford—and the friend, philosopher and guide to which he refers is *Bullets Bulletin*, the bright little weekly which JOHN BULL issues free to would-be winners.

"With the aid of *Bullets Bulletin*," Mr. Woodward went on, "I found it comparatively easy to make up my recent £150 effort, ITALY *v.* ABYSSINIA—BEFORE THE JUSTICE WORLD.'"

A consistent woman winner, Mrs. H. Worthington, 1, Nile Street, Sheffield, captured the splendid Third Prize of £100 and Millionaire's Week-end in this 999th Contest. Hers was the unusual *Bullet*, DULL DOG—GAY PUSS—CAT-AND-DOG LIFE.

"A fortnight previously," Mrs. Worthington told JOHN BULL, "I thought I had sent in a splendid *Bullet*. Then, on reading my *Bulletin*, I discovered the idea had been heavily overdone. This taught me to seek carefully for original phrasing and led to my £100 effort."

Thus the Second and Third Prize-winners, as well as the competitor who tells the story of his First Prize, were all keen readers of *Bullets Bulletin*, the one paper in which you can obtain competition help direct from Lone Acre.

* * *

These winners' words prove the sterling value of *Bullets Bulletin's* guidance. You, too, can obtain the free assistance which helped these winners secure their big prizes. Use the easy Reservation Coupon on opposite page and secure a regular supply of JOHN BULL's free guide to the prize-list

INCREASED "Bullets" FIRST heads GREAT NEW RADIO OFFER
£650
with £11.11s. RADIO and..
RADIO FOR FIVE NEEDY FAMILIES
TO BE CHOSEN BY THE WINNER
£50 PLUS £11.11s. RADIO
£25 PLUS £11.11s. RADIO
£15 PLUS £11.11s. RADIO
£10
10 of £5
10 of £2.10s
Enjoy the Winter Evenings with this
£11.11s. FERRANTI RADIO
Latest 1936 "NOVA" All-mains or Battery Superhet Receiver, giving magnificent reproduction and range of programmes, fully guaranteed by makers. One with each prize of £2.10s. and over—this week only!
1003
Enter by Sat. Oct. 19

ANOTHER FINE ARRAY OF CASH-PLUS-RADIO PRIZES!

TO-DAY'S great new one-week *Bullets* Offer brings you yet another big batch of marvellous modern Radios of a type never before offered in our Competition, another opportunity to win yourself a fortune and a novel way for you to bring endless pleasure into homes which are cheerless.

As winner of this week's increased First Prize of £650 and Radio, it will be your happy privilege to name five needy families to receive a luxurious Radio from JOHN BULL. Each of the 25 principal cash prizes in this seasonable offer, including the First, will be accompanied by an elegant £11 11s. Ferranti "Nova" Consolette Radio in jet and ivory, an instrument which will turn your home into a theatre nightly and reach out for programmes from many different stations.

"That beautiful set must have cost you a lot of money, say my friends," relates Mr. D. Kerr, 158, Ladbroke Grove, London, W., a previous *Bullets* Radio winner. "But it only cost me a few half-hours with the *Examples*!"

Though it need take you only a short time to make up a *Bullet* to which JOHN BULL can award a fine Cash-plus-Radio prize, remember you must act promptly.

HOW TO MAKE 'BULLETS'

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the *Examples* and write down as rough notes any comments that occur to you in close connection with any of the *Examples*.

Now a winning *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the selected *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to sort out your rough notes and polish them into neatly phrased *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, the *Example* SOAP AND WATER had suggested your rough note, *Sonny Blowing Bubbles With Dad's Pipe*. From this simple idea you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, SOAP AND WATER—SONNY'S "BLEND"—DAD'S "FUMING."

As a further guide, study the successful efforts reproduced for your assistance on the opposite page.

Having absorbed the good points of these winners, make a start at once, for you have only until Saturday, October 19, to enter.

Use These "Examples"

PROSPERITY'S AEROPLANE
GAMBLING WITH FATE
NEW THRILL
BUSY WORLD
BIRD IN A CAGE
ON STRIKE
BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT
SHE'S AN ACTRESS, SO
STOPPED HIS GAME
HER NOVEL
YOUTH WITH A CAR
TRYING TO PLEASE
MOTHER'S REWARD
ON STONY GROUND
DRY BREAD
INVITING
WITHOUT DELAY
ONLY A RUMOUR
NOW HE'S FORTY
FEELING FAMOUS
OFFICE JOB
FIDO GROWLED AND
CHEATING
AFTER HER
FINE PERFORMANCE
FIRST KISS
"GOAL!"
RADIO NEXT DOOR
PUBLIC DANGER
UNDER HER THUMB
DELICATE CHILD
MAN TO BLAME
SOAP AND WATER
SONNY'S PENNY
MIRAGE IN THE DESERT
STICKING IT

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords! **USE THIS COUPON**

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette: I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed '& Co.' Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,003) Closing SAT., Oct. 19. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,003) Closing SAT., Oct. 19. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,003) Closing SAT., Oct. 19. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,003) Closing SAT., Oct. 19. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,003) Closing SAT., Oct. 19. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

The original cheque for £700 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 999 will be displayed in the window of Mr F. Holmes, Post Office, Woolcomber Street, Dover.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,003 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,003, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

MEN—MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR HAIR!

"HARLENE" HAIR CREAM

The Aristocrat of Hair Dressings

Never has the need for looking well-groomed and well turned-out been of such vital importance to men as it is at the present time. Business opportunities come more quickly to the smart, alert-looking man . . . the door to social success is an ever-open one for the man of polish, the man whose distinctive well-groomed appearance places him "a cut above the others."

To-day every man who reads this paper is presented with a unique opportunity of improving his appearance by accepting an entirely FREE GIFT BOTTLE of the wonderful new "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM.

"HARLENE" HAIR CREAM "sets" the hair with a natural sleekness and polish which lasts the whole day through.

It penetrates the roots under the scalp and creates young hair growth, thus preventing Baldness. Without the slightest appearance of being "crusted" or "hardened" down, the hair always looks smooth, composed and "finished" when it is dressed with "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM.

7½d. 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle

"Harlene" SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

"HARLENE" Soapless Brushless SHAVING CREAM does away once and for all with the old soap and brush shaving method and gives you satin-smooth shaves in 5 minutes instead of 15! So extraordinarily quick, easy, trouble and money-saving is this new "HARLENE" Soapless Brushless SHAVING CREAM that to appreciate it to the full you must *try it* for yourself. And so we are asking you to accept a FREE GIFT of a FIVE DAY TUBE!

You'll never want to see your shaving soap and brush again after you've tried HARLENE Soapless Brushless SHAVING CREAM. And you'll wonder how you put up with their trouble, the messy shaves they gave you and the valuable ten minutes of your time they wasted every morning! Try this new boon to-day.

Price 6d. & 1/- per Tube

Also invaluable to ladies.

Great Double FREE GIFT

Every man who takes a pride in his appearance is invited to accept a great DOUBLE FREE GIFT OFFER.

This Offer includes:—

(1) A FREE GIFT BOTTLE of the new "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM, *together with—*

(2) A FREE FIVE DAY TUBE of "HARLENE" Soapless Brushless SHAVING CREAM.

Send the Coupon below AT ONCE.

Double-Gift COUPON

Send this Coupon with 3d. stamps and your name and address for Free Sample Bottle of "Harlene" Hair Cream and a Free 5-day tube of "Harlene" Soapless Brushless Shaving Cream to EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.S. 971), 20/26, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

(Stamp envelope with 1½d. stamp.)

My Hairdresser Told Me a Secret and

I Got New Hair Beauty *FREE*

Great "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" offer OF 3 FREE GIFTS

Thousands of people to-day are handicapped by a poor head of Dull, Lifeless, Thin and Falling Hair. BUT—if they read this announcement carefully—IN ONE WEEK they are going to be absolutely delighted with the improvement in their hair! All you have to do is to CHOOSE ANY THREE of the six World-Famous 'HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL' toilet specialities below, send the coupon and GET THEM FREE.

(1) HARLENE HAIR GROWER & TONIC

HARLENE is the true liquid tonic reviver of the hair. To the starved, weak and dried-up scalp HARLENE acts like magic—stimulating the roots and follicles to new life—literally revitalising and reinvigorating every "lifeless" shaft, so that:—

—Falling hair stops falling.
—Dull, Lank hair takes on new life and lustre.
—Bald patches are covered and the whole head of hair becomes once again abundant, lustrous, healthy, beautiful.

Price 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/9 per bottle.

I was getting very worried about my hair. It was getting thin . . . terribly poor in texture. All its life seemed to have gone and I looked years older.

I asked my hairdresser how she kept HER hair so perfect. I'd always admired it—so thick, gleaming and lovely. She told me she used "Harlene" . . . just did ten minutes 'Harlene-Hair-Drill' each morning and it kept her hair perfect.

She told me another secret too . . . said that I could send up for a FREE PARCEL of any 3 HARLENE HAIR BEAUTY PREPARATIONS. I did so, and they worked marvels. Now my hair is looking lovelier never "falls out" and is ever so fluffy and wavy. That's how I discovered the secret of NEW HAIR BEAUTY FREE.

(2) CREMEX SHAMPOO

Removes from the hair every particle of dirt, impurities, scurf, dandruff, etc., leaving it pure, soft and sweet. FREE BURNISHING RINSE included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos. (Single sachets 3d. each.)

(3) UZON BRILLIANTINE

Favoured by many of the smartest men and women of the day for the sleek, glossy polish it imparts to the hair. Especially valuable for those with over-dry scalp. In liquid or solidified form, 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

(4) HARLENE WAVE-SETTING LOTION.

Invaluable for hair that loses its waves quickly. Keeps the waves deep and gloriously beautiful for long periods, and protects them from damp, fog, mist and even sea air. 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

(5) HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

A boon to fair-haired ladies. Imparts that bewitchingly beautiful light-gold sunshine touch. All fair-haired ladies should use it, especially if the hair shows a tendency to become dull, drab and loses its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

(6) ASTOL HAIR COLOUR RESTORER.

A really reliable hair colour restorer for those who are worried by the approach of grey hair or whose hair is already grey or discoloured. Makes you look years younger. 1/9, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *State which numbers are required. Write Coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address and send to*

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.S.971), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct on receipt of price. (Post Free within the British Isles and Irish Free State.)

177 B 130

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A 149